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CANADA'S

WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Macleans

SEPTEMBER 23, 1996



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Cover Amazing Atwood

42 Literary superstar Margaret Atwood is at the height of her powers with her new novel, *Alias Grace*, a retelling of a notorious murder case in 1840s Canada. As the author embarks on a four-continent promotion tour, the literary world is buzzing.



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Although Canada lags behind the United States in economic performance, its record in many respects shines compared with much of Europe

From The Editor

When reporters become news



It is a revealing experience for an editor to become part of a news story. This dramatic bit fell into that role last week, when several reporters called to demand instant answers about the role of two Montreal reporters in the Airbus case. The show was on the other foot, and it was not as comfortable taking the questions as doing them. There also was the element of surprise: the inquiring reporters knew more about the subject at hand than did the subjects—author Steve Cameron and Mary Jaeger, two freelance reporters who were among the people who eventually received subpoenas from former prime minister Brian Mulroney to testify at the trial of his \$30-million bid against the federal government. Curiously, the calls from the reporters began at this office even before the subpoenas were served. It seems that, in addition to pursuing his case in the courts, the former prime minister and his agents, notably the able Ottawa publicist Luc Lavigne, also have their eye fixed firmly on page 1. Cameron was attending the Toronto film festival where the princess server arrived at her downtown home—along with a crew from CTV.

At issue is whether Justice Minister Allan Rock used his position as reporter and passed rumors along to the RCMP that led to the infamous federal letter to Swiss authorities asking about Mulroney's potential involvement in a kickback scheme (a charge he vehemently denies). Cameron and Jaeger both said they will go to court to respond to Mulroney's questions. In fact, the meeting with Rock apparently took place in November, 1993. Cameron was remembering his break On the Take about the Mulroney government—this was before she started taking assignments from Mulroney. She says that she had never met Rock. Jaeger did have lunch with him shortly after his election as an MP and before he became justice minister. She does not recall any discussion of Airbus and, in any event, says her activities never interviewed her. At the time, she was working on a story for Mulroney about fiscal federalism.

Try explaining all of that to inquiring reporters, their faces accusatory, their general telephone demeanor suggesting that they had just arrived at a crime scene where all the people are guilty. It was enough to generate a moment of silence for people in public life who face a daily media barrage of hostile inquiries. It is a world, on occasion, in gut fire shot on the other foot, and to contemplate how civility in reporting can usually be more useful than prosecution.

Editors and reporters also have come under the glare of the law because of newspaper proprietor Conrad Black's repudiation of Southern Bell—bringing his Canadian empire to 55 daily papers. Black is already on record (admittedly back in 1989) denouncing journalism as "ignorant, lazy, egotistical, intellectually dishonest and inadequately supervised." Although he counts journalists among his best friends, and carried on, his image has spread fear and incitement throughout his empire. At *The Gazette* in Montreal, following the abrupt departure of editor Jean Fraser, the word is out that Black wants a harder line than Fraser mastered as rebuke of Quebec separatists. Stephen Jurkiewicz, the Montreal investment guru and Southern Bell board member, once departed from Black's policy of avoiding micro-management in say he would prefer that *The Gazette* provide a "more cheerful" front page every morning. The rumor mills whirl about Black's supposed plans to replace editors at other chain papers.

All of that has caused his reporters to take to the phones themselves, asking editors and reporters in other organizations what they have heard. This corner is huge to help confirm it is as per accurate of solid inside information—but, of course, it will have to be old the record. And the questions have to be evolved.

Robert Lewis

Newsroom Notes:

A new managing editor

One of Canada's top journalists, Geoffrey Stevens, is joining *The Magazine* as managing editor. "He will be a huge asset to the magazine," said Editor-in-Chief Robert Lewis in making the announcement last week. "He has outstanding news judgment and broad experience in all areas that we cover."

Stevens, 56, will have responsibility for day-to-day operations of the magazine. In addition to authoring two political books, he has



Stevens: author, reporter, columnist

been a reporter, columnist and editor at several publications. In his early career at the 1960s, Stevens was a reporter in the Parliamentary Press Gallery for *The Globe* and *Maclean's*, later, with *Time* from 1973 to 1987, he distinguished himself as the *Globe's* Ottawa-based national affairs columnist, writing five times a week—sometimes about half the law of the sea. Between 1981 and 1989 in Toronto, he served as the *Globe's* national editor, sports editor and managing editor. After leaving the *Globe* in 1989, and pursuing a successful suit for wrongful dismissal, he wrote a national affairs column and taught at the University of Toronto. Since 1993, he has been publisher and editor of *The Sun News* of Canada, a *Tempe, Fla.* based weekly served at snowbirds in the U.S. Sunbelt that he helped to found in 1993.

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF THE BLACK SALLION

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A 14-YEAR OLD KID WHO WILL LEAD THEM HOME.

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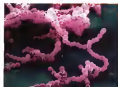
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Group A staphylococci antibiotics should never have been as freely given

Bacterial culture

The super bug of your "Outbreak" cover story (Sept. 30) was a well-recognized event when I was graduate student in 1971. At that time, there was a simple and very likely highly successful approach proposed, it was based on limiting the health/disease of antibiotics made available. Once resistance to one set of antibiotics increased to a high degree, probably in five or six years, it would be removed from the market and another set used, rotating in the first set perhaps 10 years later when the resistance in the first set had dropped. It was also based on restricting the use of those antibiotics available to severe cases only. They should never have been used as and freely given as they have been. The problem with both of these ideas was the co-ordination required to implement them and potentially much-reduced profits for drug companies, as the amount of antibiotics used would have been manifold smaller. Furthermore, the public-health people did not and do not understand the bones on which these recommendations rested. They did not understand quantitative and population genetics. So, we have our crisis of 1996.

Charles Schom,
St. Andrews, N.B.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Should be addressed to:
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Entitled to care

While reading "Phoning from health-care cuts" (Business, Aug. 19), I concluded that our medicine system has come to a sorry state. Having grown up in the dust bowl of Saskatchewan in the thirties, I am aware of the impact of inadequate public health care. I did not see a doctor until I joined the air force at age 19. I knew children and adults who died because people were too proud to take charity and could not afford to pay a doctor. It hurts me to think that both doctors and patients abuse a system that has been good in the old mid, given common sense and caring by all, can continue to serve us well. If doctors want American money, let them move to the United States. I am sure the rich there will pay them handsomely—I was 1 be the 40-million have no medical coverage who will not be far. Every second in Canada is entitled to the same medical care and everything that threatens to undermine that standard, including the granting of privileges or time or service to those who are wealthier than others, should be quickly quelled.

Mary P. Kutzmann,
Victoria

Forgotten donors

Somewhere in the debate over tainted blood and the devastating crisis it has caused, the thousands of donors and caring individuals who are blood donors have been forgotten (A final at the Red Cross, Canada, Sept. 30). I first became a blood donor more than 30 years ago, but in recent years, donors have become fewer and less convenient to attend. In addition, the length of time required to donate blood has increased considerably due to additional paperwork and testing. Your article leads me to believe that the entire system is becoming mired in bureaucracy that has not kept up with the pace of the blood donation program that was once so respected and honored. Should the various parties involved not come to a prompt and satisfactory solution, I am sure that many long-term donors, myself among them, will simply stop participating.

Thom Tye,
Delta, B.C.

Imperial U.S. mind

Your Sept. 2 cover ("The new way says") quotes some random expert and "advice" to the White House and CIA about the imperial American mind. As deputy assistant secretary of state for Canadian affairs, I and my co-workers in the Bush administration constantly spillover for a Canada strong and united. President Bill Clinton himself, in an action seen by many as exceeding the norms of diplomacy, supported your country's entry in a heartless

statement the very week of last year's Quebec referendum. Does this sound like a country trying to break up its neighbor? Certainly not. The United States has a strong interest in Canada. Similarly, many lives will be changed for the better used in cables as this year's American election from diplomatic posts in Washington, including Canada. This is not espionage, and you do not need spies to do it. Surely that is the role of the intelligence community.

Robert D. Fox,
New York City

As one who worked in security and intelligence for more than three decades, I assure you Canada is not "a key player" in the clandestine collection of international intelligence. Without a foreign agency capable of covertly collecting human source intelligence abroad, Canada will always be a minor player, and Canadian negotiators continue to be disadvantaged. Contrary to the view of MP Derek Lee, successive Canadian governments, not the public, have been overly concerned about intelligence collectors "breaking rules or embarrassing anyone." Analyzing open information will not supply the kind of inside intelligence that will reward the ambitions of foreign governments.

Robert S. Fowler,
Meyers, Ont.

behind this symbol of quality



Dairy Farmer
Stayer, Ontario

is Gordon Couckell

How do you know for sure you're choosing a Canadian dairy product? It's got this symbol of quality on it, a symbol that means you're choosing a dairy product made only from fresh, 100% Canadian milk. Just how good are Canadian dairy products? Ask Gordon Couckell. He has 90 head of dairy cattle on his farm, not to mention all the latest in equipment and technology. But his farm is far from being a milking factory. It's a real farm with traditional values — a farm that Gordon and his wife Marion have worked for 24 years. It's also a business that has to comply with Canada's very high standards of quality, standards that ensure our dairy products are always as fresh and delicious as they can be.

Made from 100% Canadian Milk



Canadian Dairy Products
The Taste Of Home

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THE MAIL

Abortion complexity

As a family physician who works in a local family planning clinic and still does abortions, I struggle with the issue of abortion and try to explore as many viewpoints as possible ("Beyond abortion," Cover, Aug. 18). But how can there be legislation that allows abortions in Britain at least, to 24-weeks gestation while we worry about telegraphic pain control in infants who survive premature delivery at 25 to 26 weeks? And how can a physician be involved in a real-practice suit for complications of any delivery that has led to problems in the newborn when a woman can abort her full-term fetus six weeks and have a lawyer argue to her favour because "the fetus is without rights"? I feel even pro-choiceers need to draw some lines here.

F.A. Bujdy
St. Catharines, Ont.

Monika In Justice Perry Scholman's decision about the infant who intended to carry her pregnancy to term at substantial risk to the fetus and the Englishwoman's decision to abort one of two healthy fetuses are a good focus for me to attempt to make a point. Two absolute rights clash—the right of a woman to control her body and the sanctity of human life or personal human life. Both these absolute deserve respect—our common-law legalism of the other. We now presume that an adult woman will make considered decisions when faced with an unwanted pregnancy. We must presume competence in the same way we presume adults are competent to make adult decisions. In cases where it has become plain that the woman cannot or will not make a considered decision, the primacy of the woman's right of choice cannot prevail. In such situations, society should step in and balance those two absolutes. I do believe we must respect those both if we are to progress to developing a rational justice. Even if we cannot succeed, trying makes us a morally worthy society.

Robert L. Burton
Toronto

Your article mentions some civil and right-minded developments. But why is everyone so surprised that things have gotten so complicated? If you tell a lie, you will constantly be struggling to cover your tracks. Abortion is the lie, and now we're trying to make everything else fit around it.

Sylvia Miller
Winnipeg, Sask.

Every time I read "The rights of the mother," I shake my head. Those words are a constant reminder that egoism runs rings in the minds of ruling. Is it a woman's right to shoot a lead pellet into the brain of her

foetus? Is it a woman's right to cause physiological damage to her fetus by snuffing plant? Dinner and glass? We shouldn't need the opinion of judges and ethicists to know that there is nothing right about these behaviors.

Susan Barker
London, Ont.

On the basketball

Allen Fotheringham is usually on the ball, but not with basketball ("Ross and Russell and the big time," Sept. 25). First off, Dennis Rodman doesn't "pretend to be a basketball player." He's actually very good at b-ball, picking up rebounds at a rate that makes some footers in the league pretty jealous. And second, at least Rodman is doing something to break the image of professional athletes. If you look back clear, you'll see that he's doing what we all wish we could do sometimes, being outrageous, frivolous and (intentionally) a bit crazy. He's just having fun, not having anyone (except opposing players), and making pro sports just a bit more exciting. After all, we can't be waiting for a hockey player to do something like that.

Jim Groskur
Montebello, Ont.

'Bankrupt politics'

Fred Brunning's overview of the ethical and morally bankrupt politics of both U.S. parties is a lesson in precise journalism ("Public ignorance and political opportunism," An American View, Aug. 20), the sum of political skill to expedience, worry others' distraction of fiscal assistance to the poor politicians at campaign, America replaced with a dominant business agenda incorporating the worst economic policies, all in one page. Please forward a copy to Diane Francis and Barbara Arnold for their personal collection.

Ally Fish,
Richmond, Ont.

Promises, promises

I wrote from your Aug. 19 issue that our Deputy Prime Minister Shelly Gagnon has again predicted something that may not come to pass ("Call it telephonicism," Business Matters). If we are to judge the accuracy of this promise by her success in the elimination of the GST, we will likely be ready to agree with the three objectives, noted at Peter G. Newman's column, that Jean Charest uses to describe her associate's "the most unapologetic, cynical and opportunistic [government] this country has ever seen" ("Jean Charest, a lively long-distance runner," The Prince's Business, Aug. 22).

J. R. Brown,
Green, Ont.

behind this symbol of quality



is David Megaffin

Senior Dairy Product Sampler,
Megaffin Household,
Mississauga, Ontario

How do you know for sure you're choosing a Canadian dairy product? It's got this symbol of quality on it, a symbol that means you're choosing a dairy product made only from fresh, 100% Canadian milk. Just how good are Canadian dairy products? Ask David Megaffin. He's the senior dairy product sampler in his family. From milk to ice cream, David loves Canadian dairy products. In fact, he won't go near his toast unless it's buttered. David even loves broccoli, but only when it's covered with a piping hot cheese sauce. David looks for the little cow because he thinks it's funny. His mom Lucy looks for it for another reason. To her, it's a symbol of the freshness and quality she has come to expect from Canadian dairy products. The kind of freshness she can take right home to her 6 year old son.

Made from 100% Canadian Milk



Canadian Dairy Products
The Taste Of Home

A photograph of two horses standing on a sandy, light-colored ground against a plain, light background. On the left is a white horse with numerous dark brown spots, known as a paint horse. On the right is a dark brown horse with a black mane and tail. The dark horse is positioned slightly behind the white horse, with its head turned towards the white horse's neck. The overall composition is simple and focuses on the contrasting colors of the two animals.

UNITED COLORS
OF BENETTON.

EDITORIAL UPDATE

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Fred Bruning

The rules are changed for O.J. II: The Civil Trial

I have been nearly a year since the trial of O.J. Simpson came to a sudden and spectacular close—a year since the words "not guilty" were read the last of times of a Los Angeles courtroom and the headline declared embraced his lawyer: confounded his accusers and walked away.

Black and white Americans learned more about one another in the days that followed than, perhaps, either would otherwise have believed possible at present. Calls showed blacks overwhirlingly justice had been done — at long last. Whites scorned blackback by the plaintiff's first jury deliberation, the look of despair on relatives of the slain Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman, the victory party at Simpson's estate hours after the verdict, the jubilation of blacks, the endless rebroadcast of the trial on TV, and, mostly, the thoughts of O.J. Simpson free and unopposed.

The case was the prelude, but the trial was the real thing. It stripped away the myths that national relationships between the races and showed us far what we were — citizens of different countries. Now, on the eve of O.J. II: The Civil Trial, we are still pretty from the same experience of last summer, still adjusting to what was suddenly shocked and what, like it or not, the nation should.

Blacks took the opportunity to remind their white brethren that life in the desperate zones of this nation requires a set of assumptions radically different than those applied elsewhere. If the white suburbanite series like suburbanites in his dream and city hall as a place again to address petty grievances, the black family death in some urban centers or on a dusty South can sidewalk has a far less hopeful view of the white American does not shoulder the narrowness of power, the black American often feels a child. If the white citizen is convinced that anger is his birthright, the black may have no sense whatsoever of his treatment. Black Americans have come to expect race, and after the Simpson verdict, said so with increasing gusto.

What on the other hand were left to gutter publicly and storm privately. With a second, white citizens wanted to say to their black counterparts, we'll give you all of the above — what if you've got a bad deal and too often still do — but what has that to do with guilt or innocence? What about the blood that the one finger, the Bruce case, the glove, the shoe print, the defense built on witness appeals to racial solidarity? What about the notion of justice being on a premise about the mountains of everyday life? How do we compare a better future without shared notions of right and wrong? And besides, you know, I know — he did it.

If Simpson did, indeed, slash the throats of his former wife and

her young friend on a June night in 1994, his behavior since acquittal has been remarkable. Instead of wallowing, Simpson has been everywhere — the talk shows, television, radio, black churches, charity events. At one point, he showed up at Oxford University in England to defend his honor. Back in the United States, Simpson, the old football star, said he had no intention of accepting the admission "I plan to live my life as best, as comfortably and as independently as I can," Simpson said.

The wrongful death case brought by the Brown and Goldman families will have a profound bearing on the quality of Simpson's life, and — who knows? — on the way he is viewed by his countrymen, black and white. Another victory by Simpson could further elevate him to folk-hero status and allow him to register at least some of the wealth lost since the murders. Delist could present second thoughts among even his once ardent supporters and leave Simpson wounded, financially and emotionally. All around, the stakes are high.

No matter what its outcome, this trial will be far different from the passion play that riveted the nation. For one thing, there will be no television cameras. For another, the trial, through Simpson, lacks the presence of a yellow counterpart on the criminal bench. Lance Ito, Fukuoka has issued a gag order forbidding discussion of the trial outside the courtroom. He has indicated to plaintiff and defense that he will not tolerate frivolous motions. Upon examining a long list of prospective witnesses from Simpson's defense team, Fukuoka showed only disdain "I am not going to let you provide witnesses who are corrupt from the planet Mars," he declared.

But for Simpson, the most vital distinction between last year's proceedings and this trial is that a civil suit is decided by a "preponderance of evidence," not the more demanding standard of "reasonable doubt" necessary in a criminal case. Some feel this means trouble for the defense, which must cope with the impact of Simpson's endless protestations of innocence. "He's going to find himself in civil litigation hell if he attempts to defend any statement made against him," said Michael Lerman, a Los Angeles civil rights attorney.

Simpson's peripherals are yet far below. New Yorker magazine writer Jeffrey Toole says a book published this month about two defense lawyers — Johnnie Cochran and Robert Shapiro — told associates they believed Simpson killed his former wife and Goldman. Though Cochran denies a Toole's account, the author says Cochran remarked that Simpson was an "innocent dumb." If that is so, Simpson merely mirrors his country. On matters of race, we have denied the obvious too long. We have ignored the preponderance of evidence and overlooked old injuries. Time for Americans to take a breath, come down, repent.

Fred Bruning is a writer with *New Yorker* in New York.

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The P.E.I. bomber

A homegrown terrorist eludes a police task force

Melanie Stinson was accustomed to finding urgent stories in the daily mail, so she let the letters languish on her desk. But when the assignment editor for Prince Edward Island's CBC TV supper-hour show *Compas*, finally turned to the pile late on Tuesday, June 20, she found a letter that had arrived a few days before—and it was a warning: Inside was a scrawled handwritten message from the self-styled Loko 7, who had previously claimed responsibility for unsolved bombings at the provincial legislature in April, 1995, and at the Charlottetown courthouse in 1988. "There is an unexploded bomb in a Green Gables bag among the tanks in the North East corner of the Speedy Project compound on Alfred Street," the letter said. "This one is for the BOMB SQUAD." As with previous correspondence from Loko 7, the message ended with the declaration "Hind, Thar."

A day later, the RCMP's bomb squad found the explosive device where the letter said it would be, hidden under some empty propane tanks. And while police were able to solve the case, the pipe bomb—which was similar to the ones used in the legislature and courthouse incidents—the psychic shock waves from the latest terrorist threat reverberated across the small, tight-knit province. Under public pressure to catch the perpetrator, the city police, who previously had three officers working part time on the case, teamed with the RCMP to form a six-person joint task force, which is now working full time tracking down leads. Based on their most recent investigations, they now believe that Loko 7 is most likely an individual, a male lawyer from the Island, who is preoccupied in handling explosives. He is also someone who has a grudge against the system and likes to use the media to vent the police and the public.

In other words, Prince Edward Island is very own Unabomber. Police say they have narrowed their focus to a short list of possible suspects who had the means, motive and opportunity to plan and execute the bombings. But they admit that they are still a long way from solving an arrest. "In all the years that I've been involved with this department," says Const. Richard Collins, a 16-year veteran of the Charlottetown police force, "this is one of the most detailed, complicated and exciting investigations I've been aware of. We don't have a smoking gun, we don't have a witness."

They also have very few clues. The letters sent by Loko 7—seven



Security evacuated after 1985 legislative bombing, sparking the Island's calm rage

in all over 35 months—have received Charlottetown postcards, but are direct of fingerprints. Their content is also frustratingly vague when it comes to establishing motive. While they are sprinkled freely with references to "social justice activists" and "corrupt media producers" they say little about why specific Prince Edward Island is being targeted for bombing. And despite some of the neo-Nazi rhetoric, police do not believe that Loko 7 represents some kind of white supremacist group. In fact, investigators doubt that it is a group at all, reasoning that in that case something would have leaked out. The Island, they say, is deeply too slow to keep such secrets for long. Instead, Loko 7 appears to confide in



Offices with Loko 7 letter, looking for a timer with a grudge

no one, other than in his occasional rambles to the media.

The first such letter, dated May 24, 1995, was addressed to the "Chief Justice" of the P.E.I. Supreme Court. In it, Loko 7 claimed responsibility for the courthouse and legislature bombings, and threatened more bombs aimed at judges. The following day, Sara Fraser, co-host of CBC's *Compas*, received another letter from Loko 7, which contained specific information about the 1988 explosion at the courthouse, along with an accurate drawing of the bomb and timing device.

The courthouse bombing had long ago been relegated to the police files. Hidden in a large flower bed, the pipe bomb exploded at 6 a.m., rocking the law courts building on the Charlottetown waterfront. The home of the provincial Supreme Court, which sustained extensive damage to its law library, was empty at the time. Police resumed the file following the explosion at the P.E.I. legislature on April 30, 1995, and one day after a terrorist bombing in Oklahoma City killed 166 people. Packed with gunpowder, the legislature bomb was placed under a wheelchair ramp leading to the 135-year-old sandstone structure. The explosion occurred at midday, sending shards flying from several blocks, blowing out about 20 windows, but claiming only one casualty—a local resident who had been sitting the machine as a nearby child suffered a broken ankle and several several blood vessels (he has fully recovered).

Police took the initial letters from Loko 7 seriously, but they also had some reservations. For one thing, most of the information about the bombings could have been gleaned from

media reports. Also, why had it taken so long to be terrorist so long to claim credit for his actions? Even the name, Loko 7, was a search of considerable. Police knew that Loko was the Norse word for mischief, but so what?

But the near-bombing earlier this summer at the Speedy Project compound convinced them that they were dealing with a genuine homegrown terrorist. And on June 27, Loko 7 sent another letter to all the Island's media—the last received to date—urging to continue the business campaign against the justice system and the government and adding a new target to the list: the corporate Canada. As usual, no reason was given.

The murky actions of Loko 7 do not sit well with the province's 135,000 residents, who take pride in what they like to call the "Island way of life" and who relish the province as a place of calm in an increasingly violent world. Some Islanders may have been concerned that the provincial murder rate doubled last year—but though that really only one out of that state of one murder, there had been two. But now, the thought that there might be a terrorist in their midst has joined many in a place where, often, doors are still left unlocked at night.

Most of all, in a province that depends heavily on tourism, Islanders are concerned about the potential fallout of Loko 7's actions. "We are not going to allow anybody to poison, intimidate little Prince Edward Island if we continue to get bad publicity from the bombings by somebody out there who is going to eventually kill someone," says Charlottetown councillor Mike Duffy, who was instrumental in getting city council to post a \$85,000 reward in July for information leading to the arrest of Loko 7.

Some say the damage has already been done. Martin Campbell, the owner of Pita Lapa, the restaurant in Charlottetown, about 50 km west of Charlottetown, says this summer she had guests who cut short their stay in the province. "They had the radio on and there was too much publicity about the bombing," says Campbell. "They were nervous and they just wanted to get off the Island, and so we it was perfectly understandable."

At the same time, Islanders are unnerved by the very open, unprejudiced nature of the evidence. At the legislature, once an restricted building, visitors must show identification, check their bags and signs in. At the courthouse, sheriff's deputies now search personal papers and their bags. "Most Islanders are really not back by this," says Const. Collins. "They see it as an invasion of their privacy or a loss of their way of life." Perhaps the most telling comment last month there was a videotaped recording of a local resident who had been sitting the machine as a nearby child suffered a broken ankle and several several blood vessels (he has fully recovered).

Police took the initial letters from Loko 7 seriously, but they also had some reservations. For one thing, most of the information about the bombings could have been gleaned from

RAE KENNA is in Charlottetown

Postcards from the radical fringe

For more than a year, music outlets and police in Prince Edward Island have received burning and threatening letters from Loko 7, most of them relating to the 1988 bombing at the Charlottetown courthouse and the April 1995 bombing at the P.E.I. legislature. Some excerpts

"As you have guessed by now we are claiming responsibility for the recent attack on the legislature. Our group was also responsible for the bombing of the Supreme Piggy

in 1988. May we say that we enjoyed your controlled and decorative coverage of recent events and that you never looked much like it? Our group wishes to have the enclosed communiqué read in *Compas* when it is played on the screen. We hope that you will be able to influence your CRTC-Dominion producers and the other POCRA-NIS to this end."

—From a May 25, 1995, letter to Sara Fraser, co-host of the CBC TV program *Compas*

"Loko 7 will resume operations with our mark three explosive devices. We may issue a one-hour advance warning. In order to avoid collateral injuries, you must evacuate every

one within a hundred metres of the designated location. Hind, Thar."

—From a May 21, 1996, letter to Charlottetown police Const. Richard Collins

"The latest attack by Loko 7 was directed at the corporate welfare state where we are masters of the thriving scandals in Canada's bought and paid for legislatures and courts. This brook of greedy businessmen, thriving politicians and vast injustice officials may run, but they cannot hide. Officials against these and other abominations of the people will be destroyed by Loko 7. Hind, Thar."

—From a June 27, 1996, letter to various media outlets

A sour bite of the Big Apple

As his three-term bid moved towards its final stretch through the darkness of a wet, overcast New York, Howard Galganov grabbed the microphone. His voice competing with lead balls on the inebriated public address system, he rallied the troops—87 supporters who joined the anti-Zionist-right activists for his one-day trip to New York City to launch Quebec's recent protest movement. "It's best we come to Wall Street and didn't succeed," the 46-year-old advertising executive announced from the front of the bus. No American investors had come to hear his well-publicized speech to Wall Street, while only a few American journalists made an appearance. But what they did get, Galganov recounted his entourage, was a large group of Canadian journalists broadcasting the story back to Canada. "If this wasn't a success, I can tell you I'd like to hit just this once again," he declared to applause. Another journalist went overboard. "We successfully tricked you into coming to New York City to get your attention to Canada," Billy Two Rivers, a chief of the Kikwasakio Mohawk reserve near Montreal, told reporters.

Possibly so—the story did get major coverage. But the reports also featured a disclaimer: on a scuffle, space and sources and outright facts, hardly the stuff of successful public relations. In the end, the only significant American attention to Galganov's appearance at the prestigious Harvard Club came from bemused professionals and doctors on Mid Street, who started at the activist's appearance by a dozen reporters and cameras, and asked, "Who is he? Inside, the scene seemed more like Montreal than Manhattan as Galganov addressed an audience reared up largely of his own supporters. There was one small success: a solo trip to Washington to meet with U.S. congressmen Tim Campbell. But, for the most part, Galganov's journey to New York left many observers scratching their heads—anti-Zionist sovereignty activists loudly wailing a familiar colonial government representative, fearful about the potential fallout from biased-segmented coverage, had planned a follow-up media conference to rebut his comments. After the speech, that event was quickly cancelled. "There was nothing to comment on," said an unrepentant official of the Quebec Government House in New York.

The Quebec media went further, asking



Galganov, trying to spread the anti-semitic message

much more an "ethnic," "Jew" and "Jew" to characterize the trip. There was certainly no shortage of transatlantic. In one bizarre twist, Robert Hiden, the line U.S. financier to make an appearance at the Harvard Club, was removed from the room by two security men even before Galganov began his speech. His insinuation, according to reporters, which contradicts Harvard Club house rules: "You can't throw out the only investment banker here," he protested as he was led away.

Galganov, meanwhile, remained unimpressed about the lack of U.S. attention to his visit. He had, he said, issued no formal invitations to his Wall Street appearance. In spite of that, he claimed to have received "numerous phone calls from people" interested in attending his speech, and suggested that Canadian officials in Ottawa may have exerted pressure to keep investors away—an allegation that Canadian govern-

ment representatives denied. Throughout it all, Galganov insisted that his target audience was Quebecers who needed to hear the truth: that the Parti Québécois was "deeper and more to be, honest, hole through of the economic cost of separation and the fact that it was last October's referendum."

That message may have gotten lost at work. But Quebec sovereignty forces found themselves in the middle of another controversy—one that again raised fears of ethnic intolerance festering beneath the surface of the separatist movement. As Galganov's trip to New York began last Wednesday—and the CBC broadcast the report as inappropriate—the fact that he's Jewish has nothing to do with his views," said Moïse Benard, president of the Quebec Region of the JCC.

That, in turn, prompted Allen Gold, chairman of the 8th B'nai B'rith Canada League for Human Rights, to call for Galganov's resignation. The reference to Galganov's Jewishness, he said, was typical of anti-Zionists "who still think in ethnic terms on political questions." And Jewish spokesmen also lashed out at the Quebec media's concentration on Galganov's JDL ties. Galganov, who came under fire for referring last week to Quebec separatists as "Zionists," made no apologies for his activities with the militant organization, which included changing himself to the Soviet Union's treatment of Jews. "This very point is what I did," Galganov said.

The irony over U.S. ties at Galganov's Jewishness certainly detracted from what should have been a celebration for sovereignty. Galganov has been a thorn in the Quebec government's side since the spring, when he organized a protest against retaliation in a predominantly anti-Zionist area of Montreal to persuade Jews to not sign a English as well as in French. For weeks, his ongoing visit to New York dominated the media—one PQ cabinet minister urged him to call off the trip. But after Galganov's muted appearance on Wall Street, provincial politicians could hardly contain their glee.

The PQ seemed alone in relishing the postscript. Separatist gadfly Gilles Rivest, who cancelled plans to follow Galganov to New York, gloated that the trip was "a big flop—Mr. Galganov scored in heaven past." And federal Immigration Minister Stephen Dizon, for one, happily predicted that Galganov would become "more and more disgraced." Galganov's allies disagreed. Columnist William Johnston, who accompanied Galganov in a role as a supporter, maintained that the trip was an enormous success—and that the message got through in spite of the lack of attendance. "It's a victory for the JDL," Johnston said. "It's a victory for the people who stand on fundamental issues. With guerrilla theatre, you don't care who is in the room."

Some supporters, though, did care. A few expressed disappointment that U.S. observers had not taken an interest. "It's always regrettable to see a performance cancelled," said Norman Freedman, a Montreal accountant who went to New York to raise awareness about the "night of anglophones." As they stepped off the bus in Montreal, members of the entourage shook hands, kissed, then began to head home. Among them was 66-year-old Jarda Vaisel. She went to New York, she explained, because she felt it was important to explain the costs of separation to francophones—a message she believed could be better heard from afar. "We don't want to move," said Vaisel, who has lived in Montreal for 45 years. The trip may have ended—but the worries remain.

RENEE BRUNSWICK in Montreal

Worry in Washington

Congress takes up the Quebec question

There are times when it is worth remembering your vacation, and for Canada's ambassador to the United States, one of those moments came last week. Raymond Charbon was at a cottage in the Laurentides mountains, north of Montreal, when he took half an hour on Wednesday to telephone Republican congressmen Tim Campbell in Washington. Campbell was to meet that night with Howard Galganov, the English-Canadian separatist from Indianapolis who, as co-sponsor of the Helms-Burton law, is something of a bogeyman to Canadians in Washington. But Campbell himself voted against Helms-Burton, which prohibits Canadian companies, including Canadian ones, that do business with Cuba. And even the Canadian Embassy downplayed suggestions last week that staging the hearing might be a dig at Canada for its vocal opposition to the American law.



Campbell (left) anticipating a separation crisis

Other American legislators have managed arrange for a subcommittee of the U.S. Congress to hold hearings on Canada's constitutional woes.

With the hearing scheduled for Sept. 25, there was no disguising the dismay among Canadian officials in Washington. Campbell, a moderate Republican from the San Jose area just south of San Francisco, has taken a special interest in Canada, prompted in part, he says, by the fact that he and his wife honeymooned at the Château Frontenac in Quebec City in 1978. More to the point, Campbell is an economist and professor of law at Stanford University whose specialty is international trade. He worries that if Quebec separates from Canada, the North American Free Trade Agreement might be put in jeopardy—and the United States might lose its most important market. Further downgrading a string of weak and squabbling states, "I thought that for once we might anticipate

a crisis," Campbell said after spending 45 minutes on Wednesday night meeting with Galganov and William Johnston, a strongly anti-separatist columnist.

The hearing to be held by the Western Hemisphere subcommittee, part of the international relations committee of the House of Representatives. That hearing would be the subject of the subcommittee's chairman in Dan Rosten, a Republican congressman from Indianapolis who, as co-sponsor of the Helms-Burton law, is something of a bogeyman to Canadians in Washington. But Campbell himself voted against Helms-Burton, which prohibits Canadian companies, including Canadian ones, that do business with Cuba. And even the Canadian Embassy downplayed suggestions last week that staging the hearing might be a dig at Canada for its vocal opposition to the American law. Instead, Campbell said he was concerned that Americans do not take the threat of Quebec secession seriously. He said he was struck by an article in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*, the prestigious bimonthly review, that advances Frenchmen to an anti-separatist "map" to "new-line" Canadians north of the border. In the *Foreign Affairs*, Charles Doran, professor of international relations at Johns Hopkins University, warns that separation might cause Canada to "retreat." "Events in the border," he wrote, "are not to be taken lightly. The Americans could look more like the former Soviet Union, with one large state at the center, the United States, edged by scores of small, isolated, weak entities along its northern border."

Campbell said he intends to circulate Doran's article to anti-separatist international relations committee. Doran, meanwhile, will be a witness at the Sept. 25 hearing. His views are exactly the kind that Canadian officials would prefer not to see prominently aired in Washington. But for Galganov, who chartered a plane from New York to make the last-night of his speech with Campbell, the meeting and the impending hearings amounted to a notable victory they prove, he said, that after separation "it's a whole new dynamic—nothing would be the same." And with that, he happily accepted an offer of a lift to the airport from his new friend, the California congressman.

ANDREW PHILLIPS in Washington

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Bible Belt mayhem

Abbotsford, B.C., struggles with its demons

Abbotsford is the heart and soul of British Columbia's Bible Belt, a place where family values and Christian morals are as abundant as the farm-fresh produce cultivated in the fertile soil of the central Fraser Valley. But while the city, 70 km southeast of Vancouver, used to be best-known for its annual summer air show, Canada's largest, it has gained notoriety in recent months as a community struggling with hidden demons. Although police have finally changed local

resident Terry Driver a last October's murder of 39-year-old Tanya Smith, many of the city's 130,000 residents have yet to recover from the horrors of the so-called Abbotsford Killer case. Last week, they were again in a state of disbelief as the brutal mass murder of five people on a farm just outside the city limits revealed a murky underworld in their midst—one teeming with illicit drugs and violence.

At 3 a.m. on the morning of Sept. 13, police went to investigate reports that Redless Acres, a cattle farm that also supplied hay and manure, seemed unusually quiet—and that nobody appeared to be looking after cows housed in a paddock beyond an eleven-roofed barn. In a shed located directly behind a two-storey, white stucco farmhouse, they discovered the bodies of two murder victims, a man and a woman. Inside the house lay the bodies of two men and one woman—all victims of a grisly slaying. Forensic experts said the bodies had likely been there for at least 36 hours. And while police would not reveal the exact nature of the botched pending autopsy results, sources close to the investigation said that the killings appeared to have been done "execution style," the victims likely shot and their throats slit.

The day after the gruesome discovery, police identified three of the dead: Raymond Groves, 70, and his wife, Soledad, 56—the farm's owners—as well as Abbotsford

resident Darryl Klassen, 30, of an alleged address. And at week's end, they identified a fourth victim, Klassen's 30-year-old wife, Theresa. But police wasted little time in measuring a stunned community that criminal activity, and not random violence, lay behind the murders. The Groves and Darryl Klassen, said Abbotsford police Const. Ely Sawchuk, all had extensive criminal records—and known connections to the cocaine trade. "What we're dealing with here is an incident with re-



Forensic affairs at the murder site, drugs and violence

gards to drug people," she said, adding that investigators had received a number of tips and were looking at several "persons of interest" in the case. "The public shouldn't be worried that this is a random attack. This is a very targeted attack on these particular individuals."

For some, though, it is hard not to worry. In recent years, once quiet Abbotsford has experienced a population boom as people trying to escape big-city pressures move

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centered from Vancouver. But along with strip malls and shopping centres here come big-city problems: murders, weapons offences and drugs. In fact, experts say that the drug trade in the Fraser Valley—which borders on the United States—is believed to have quadrupled in the past five years. "The reality has set in that it is a growing controversy," said Storch last week, "and with any growing community there is an increasing crime rate."

Last week was not the first time that police had encountered trouble at the updy named Restless Acres. Last March 16, Hattar Singh Sidhu, 38, was shot in the head on the shores of nearby Culb Lake. Sidhu, who survived the attack and was released from hospital the same day, told police that Raymond Groves accused him of taking out a contract on Sidhu's life. But Sidhu, who has a criminal record, also alleged that the Groveses and an associate tried to kill him because they believed he had information about a botched drug deal. Within hours, heavily armed members of Manitoba's Emergency Response Team surrounded the farm and, during the course of a tense standoff lasting through the night, arrested the couple along with Frank Delaney, 45. The three were charged with attempted murder and were scheduled to make court appearances later this year. But while the Groveses were released on bail—despite strong objections from the Crown—Delaney, a convicted felon who was out on parole, remains in jail.

At the time of the standoff, neighbor Carina Wilde, who runs Flower's Patch Garden Centre directly across the street from the Groveses, told the *Abolition News* that she had seen "all sorts of rough-looking characters" coming and going from the house. But she said she had never "had any problems" with the couple—who paid \$402,000 cash for Restless Acres two years ago. Last week, after the discovery of the bodies, a "Closed" sign stood in the driveway of the garden centre, its owners apologetically reluctant to talk to reporters. Other nearby residents, however, reported on a not-for-entertainment basis that Raymond Groves was an unruly neighbor—and kept messy company.

As forensic teams in white suits combed through the house and plantations of flowers with metal detectors around the front yard last week, RCMP officer Ken Moore seemed to find in the 30 or so cows remaining on the property "They were dehydrated, they were looking for water," he said, as some of the animals drank nearby from a container of fresh water. Meanwhile, curious motorists created a steady stream of traffic past Restless Acres—the latest crime scene in an increasingly troubled town.

SCOTT STEELE in Abbotsford



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Canada NOTES

SEAMAN BREAKS SILENCE

Alexis Bagan, a Philippine seaman on the ship *Merrill Dux*, told an extradition hearing in Halifax that he saw two Philippine seamen begging for their lives last March before being set adrift on a raft off the coast of Spain. Three other Philippine seamen were cited for contempt for refusing to testify at the hearing, which is looking in to murder charges against seven Taiwanese officers. The seamen say their families have been threatened.

ENVIRONMENTAL WOES

Federal Environment Minister Sergio Marchi said he fears that increased use of U.S. coal-fired generating plants will aggravate smog and air quality problems in Canada. Marchi's comments followed the resignation of the Canadian co-chairman of the International Joint Commission, the binational body that monitors cross-border water and air quality. Adele Hurley resigned over the suggestion of a report about pollution from coal-fired plants.

SAME-Sex U.S. RULING

The Canadian Human Rights Tribunal ruled that, under current legislation, private companies are unable to give pension benefits to partners of homosexual employees. But the tribunal said Ottawa should change the law to allow companies to do so.

COUNTERATTACK

The lawyer for Dr. McLean, speaker of the Ontario legislature, released the confidential résumé of Sarah Thompson, a former aide who has accused McLean of sexual harassment. McLean's lawyer attacked Thompson's credibility, claiming the résumé contained false and misleading information. Thompson's lawyer said McLean had proven his innocence by passing a lie detector test.

PEER SENTENCING

In a rare case of using an aboriginal-style "sentencing circle" by a non-tribe, Saskatchewan Provincial Court Judge Lorne Smith asked members of Kesteven, Sask., to decide the fate of Patrick Bogdan, 35, who pled guilty to driving a stolen snowmobile without a license. On the group's advice, Bogdan, with eight previous convictions for impaired driving, was fined on condition that he seek treatment and abstain from alcohol.



Latest photo of Canadian soldier with Somali prisoners: brutality

'Looking forward to his first dead Somali'

Major Lloyd Gillies told a federal inquiry that Col. Serge Lacroix, the senior Canadian soldier in Somalia, informed his officers in January 1993 that he was "looking forward to his first dead Somali." Gillies, who served as a staff officer during the Canadian Airborne's ill-fated mission to Somalia in 1993, said his first reaction to Lacroix's comment was, "I can't believe he said that." He added,

"that leadership was... and I was... The inquiry released more brutal photographs of Canadian soldiers posing with Somali prisoners. Meanwhile, outside the hearings, Maj.-Gen. Clive Addy took early retirement, then spoke out against Chief of Defence Staff Gen. Jean Boileau for trying to blame subordinates for the allegations of military documents related to the Somali mission.

HEALTH CARE

Reining in the Red Cross

Canada's health minister announced that he will appoint a new national health agency within a year. The role of the Red Cross Society, which provides the

so-called tented blood to red cross, will be reduced. The agency will be responsible for all blood products, including plasma and red blood cells. The Red Cross Society, which provides the

so-called tented blood to red cross, will be reduced. The agency will be responsible for all blood products, including plasma and red blood cells. The Red Cross Society, which provides the

A mom's right to sniff glue

The five-member Manitoba Court of Appeal ruled unanimously that the courts can stop a 22-year-old pregnant woman from sniffing glue despite the fact it may do to her unborn child. And if the law is to change, said the judges, politicians will have to take the initiative.

The Appeal Court struck down an Aug. 6 ruling by Queen's Bench Justice Perry Schabas, who ordered the woman into treatment at the request of Winnipeg Child and Family Services. The Appeal Court decision echoed earlier Supreme Court of Canada rulings that the fetus has no rights. "The mother's right to self-sovereignty may not seem of much importance," wrote Justice Binnie, "but I do not see how a court can select which conduct

should be restrained and which should not." The woman, who cannot be named, already has three children—two of them born suffering the effects of her addiction. And while it lost an appeal, the Winnipeg child welfare agency's actions appeared to have some effect, the woman says that she no longer sniffs glue. "I don't want my baby to be born jittery, sick," she said.



On patrol north of Acapulco: concern for foreign investment

the Marxist EPR from the Maya Itz'at-based Zapatistas in the southern Chiapas state; the latter led a similarly unexpected uprising in early 1994, but have since requested violence. Yet the Zapatistas claim the military is using the EPR threat as an excuse to crack down on the Chiapas movement as well. A recently stopped-off military presence in the Zapatista-controlled Lacandon jungle has raised tensions between the government and the supporters of the masked professor known as Subcomandante Marcos. Shortly after the EPR's signing, the Zapatistas pulled out of peace talks, demanding the release of additional prisoners and accusing the government of negotiating in bad faith.

The war, as well as high crime, prompted Ottawa last week to issue a strongly worded travel advisory for Canadians heading to Mexico this season—a rare move at a time when the two countries are promoting the North American Free Trade Agreement and trying to boost business ties. The advisory cites “crime, corruption” in Chiapas and “warfare and prejudice” in the five states hit by the EPR. The leftist insurgents have warned that their next target will be Cancun, where many of the 400,000 Canadian tourists expected in Mexico this winter will vacation. Complicitary activity for Zedillo, last week key business leaders in the rich northern state of Nuevo Leon—which borders Texas—joined a growing local movement to secede from the rest of the country.

The developments point to the real gap between Mexico's wealth, U.S.-oriented north, and its poorer south, which has much in common with stricken Central America. Many experts say the new rebel offensive in the south poses a major threat to the economic gains Zedillo has achieved since the devastating

crisis of the peso just after he took over in late 1994. Since the EPR hit the scene, the Mexican currency has oscillated between 7.50 and 7.80 pesetas per U.S. dollar; a major financial expert considers the use wide. Eric Olson, an analyst for the Washington Office on Latin America, a think-tank based in the U.S. capital, says the government's failure to deal effectively with the EPR is cause for alarm among international investors who could pressure a new president, anticipated in 1994. “The government has presented the EPR as a problem only in the

southern states,” he said. “But investors are more sophisticated and aware of how volatile that situation actually is.” At least two international lenders situated in Mexico City, who asked that their names not be used, say that if rebel attacks escalate they will advise their clients to halt investment in Mexico. But others are more sanguine. “This situation should not be exaggerated,” says Heriberto Weiss, a Mexico City-based expert on international business law. “People invest in Ireland, despite bombings once a week, and in Spain, where the terrorist threat really touches the international business community.” Unless the EPR directly targets foreigners, Weiss says, the effect on investment will be short-term. “So far, this is a purely political matter.”

While economists may debate the EPR's financial effect, there is no longer much dispute that the group is a threat to national security. Troops throughout the country are on alert. EPR safe houses and weapons caches have been uncovered from Chiapas in the south to Veracruz state on the east coast. Yet the rebels' roots remain cloaked, and theories abound on who is backing them. Some scholars see a direct link to guerrilla movements active in Guerrero in the 1970s. Raul Javier Carran, an expert on insurgency at the Autonomous University of Durango in Acapulco, says the EPR's manifesto is nearly identical to one drafted by the

rebel Party of the Poor two decades ago. Says Carran, “They have been planning for a long time and they are prepared.”

The government says it believes the EPR may be the armed wing of a leftist political group called the *Confederación Revolucionaria* Workers Party-People's Union, formed in the 1970s by a former leader of the University of Oaxaca, Felipe Martinez Saracho.

Theories abound over who backs the leftist guerrillas

Saracho, jailed for murder in 1990, was named in a maximum security prison soon after the EPR attacks began, an accusation that he masterminded the offensive from his jail cell. He has denied any ties to the party or the EPR.

More tentatively, members of Mexico's political opposition have linked the EPR to radical elements within the governing Institutional Revolutionary Party, or PRI, who oppose Zedillo's bid to reform the political system that has kept the PRI in power for 70 years. Congressman Jose Alejandro Zapata Prosperi of the National Action Party, the leading opposition group, suggests that certain members in the ruling party are

deaf set against giving power to the opposition. “We're not talking about causal protest here,” says Zapata, a vice-president of the chamber of deputies' justice commission. “These people have consolidated their resources to create a significant military force for this offensive.” He and other opposition figures claim that PRI militants are secretly meeting with members of Zedillo's cabinet to broker an EPR ceasefire. If the militants are not appeased, Zapata contends, rebel attacks may spread to urban areas, including Mexico City.

Whatever the source of the EPR, Zedillo has already come under criticism for lacking the new insurgents a terrorist group and warning to reach any peace to speak there. “The government is making a grave error in thinking it can deal with a guerrilla group today with the same heavy-handed tactics it used in the '70s,” says Acapulco scholar Carran. “Nothing was learned from those years of bloodletting.”

Washington-based Olson believes the tactics may backfire and fuel popular support for the rebel army. Zedillo has declined an American offer to help in battling the masked fighters, saying it is an internal problem. Mexicans—along with foreign investors and tourists—can only hope the problem doesn't get worse.

PHIL JOHNSON in Mexico City

WORLD THE MEXICO

Tourist alert

A new rebel group threatens key visitor areas

At the edge of town, a roadside billboard proclaims: “We live in peace!” It’s a stark contrast to the scene of Mexican army vehicles rambling by. Just outside Cuaymas de Benito—only 30 km from the resort city of Acapulco—soldiers at a military base stand ready to do battle with a new, little-known rebel group that is threatening the country's stability amid a tragic economic recovery. Trucks and other armored vehicles guard coastal roads, normally used by tourists driving from the city to local fish and trout markets. Suddenly, the green hills and sandy beaches of Mexico's sunny southern region have been turned into an armed camp—and the focus of a storm warning from Ottawa to the thousands of Canadian tourists who visit every year.

The trouble began late last month, when the mysterious Popular Revolutionary Army shocked Mexicans with widespread, simultaneous attacks against military and police in Guerrero, where Acapulco is located, and four other southern states. By official accounts (considered low), 36 people died in the Aug. 30 clashes—including nine in a busy base in the state of Oaxaca—and at least three have been killed since. The rebel offensive reached into areas within an hour's drive of the capital, Mexico City. It was clearly designed to send a powerful message to the government, coming four days before President Ernesto Zedillo's one-day state of the nation address on Sept. 1. In

which he delivered an upbeat assessment of Mexico's recovery since its financial crisis of December 1994. The rebel group, known as the EPR, vowed to overthrow Zedillo's “oppressive regime” and “bring justice to the Mexican people.”

The EPR first surfaced on June 28 at a memorial ceremony near Cuaymas for 37 persons gunned down a year earlier by state police while on their way to a leftist rally. Masked and clad in cheap pressed uniforms and military boots, the rebels urged the people of Guerrero and the rest of Mexico to join them in overthrowing the federal government. The insurgents raised shreds of new AR-15 rifles onto the air and fired 17 rounds of ammunition—one for each of the martyred peasants—before they laid into the robbery hills nearby. The undercurrent of the interior quickly diminished the group as a “phantom” organization with no popular support base, whose leaders would easily be tracked down.

Thus came the Aug. 28 offensive. With the death toll government soldiers still rising, Zedillo has declared the EPR a terrorist group and stepped up his efforts to crush it. Officials here are at pains to differentiate

TROUBLE IN THE SOUTH



crisis of the peso just after he took over in late 1994. Since the EPR hit the scene, the Mexican currency has oscillated between 7.50 and 7.80 pesetas per U.S. dollar; a major financial expert considers the use wide. Eric Olson, an analyst for the Washington Office on Latin America, a think-tank based in the U.S. capital, says the government's failure to deal effectively with the EPR is cause for alarm among international investors who could pressure a new president, anticipated in 1994. “The government has presented the EPR as a problem only in the

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Where times are tougher

Why some Europeans envy Canada

BY BRUCE WALLACE

Mr. Harris has his "Osborne's open for business" routine down pat, and the pitch on this European tour is the same: whether the press is in Germany, France or, as he was one day last week, at a media hotel in London's West End. He knows it is a follow-up for the predominantly male crowd of London brokers, a well-worn tale about a North Bay fisherman and a stock of dynamite. ("I haven't sold that one for a decade," he chuckles afterward.) But mostly Harris spreads the word of his "Osborne social revolution" through a seemingly endless stream of statistics: the number of government regulations scrapped, the rise in housing starts, the 27-per-cent drop in the provincial deficit, the forecast increase in business spending on new plants and equipment. At a bid try for \$100 a plate, perhaps, but the City suits seemed to like the what they heard.

He would have had a rougher ride up the west coast in Blackpool, where Britain's still-entirely under-manned was moving last week to demand a 20-hour minimum wage: the country currently has none. At home, Harris's battle to make the Ontario government certainly has its opponents, but he has never encountered anything like the fever of social protest that European governments face when they try to cut spending. Take France, for example. Every attempt there is met in spending over the last three years

STRONG PERFORMANCE

Canadians may not feel it yet, but their economy could soon prove to be the most robust among the seven leading industrialized nations. The Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development recently predicted that Canada would lead the G-7 in growth in 1997. "This is good news for Canada," says Sylvia Ostry, head of the Center for International Studies at Treasury and the OECD's former chief economist. Among the raft of favorable indicators, two stand out. Canada's success in reducing the burden of government deficits and its strong performance in job creation over the past decade, second only to the United States among the G-7 nations.



Germany protesting last week's Budget: Harris in London (left) has this senseless message: "We're not letting European governments take away their cut spending."

prepared to do it? And so we followed the scene and the mood and the feel of the Osborne population." It is not clear that a leader boasts of following the flock, but Harris's stance makes perfect sense. North American voters are far more convinced than Europeans of the need to cut government spending. "People in Canada who think we're bad at it are not interested would be surprised at just how great a role that state plays in European economies," says largely federal Liberal cabinet minister Donald Johnston, who is now director general of the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development in Paris. Europe's generous welfare and welfare benefits are widely regarded as rights, not privileges. And governments are not about to wrestle them back without a

fight. "People in the audience were taking notes," observed Jacques Jany, Canada's ambassador to the European Union, after attending Harris's speech to the chamber of commerce in Paris. "They were impressed by the fact that people in Ontario accept what he is doing. That's not the case here in France, where the state is more important to the life of the nation, and the level of resistance to change is that much higher."

It helps that Harris and other Canadian politicians have some happy economic news to back them up. Last week, Ottawa announced a \$2.5-billion federal deficit for the first four months of the fiscal year, down from \$20.7 billion in the same period of 1995. At that rate, Finance Minister Paul Martin should easily undercut his \$24.5-billion deficit target this year—by as much as \$2.5 billion, government officials say. Meanwhile, an impressive record of job creation in the private sector has offset public sector layoffs, causing a slight dip in the unemployment rate last month to 9.4 per cent. The financial markets have taken note. "There is a genuine positive feeling about Canada," says Alan Cane, an economist with Hambrecht & Buck Ltd. in London. "The Canadians have done a great deal on the fiscal side, though they need to maintain that over a long period—not for one or two budgets, but for five or 10. And the Quebec issue is over of the

cent of gross domestic product. Presided by the Germans, who worry about their less fiscally disciplined partners, European central bankers met in Brussels last week to discuss how they would like to see any government which breaks the deficit ceiling. But many economists agree that there are enough loopholes in the Maastricht criteria to allow governments to get around those standards, and that the treaty is just a handy villain for the messy business of cutting spending.

"There's nothing Maastricht, our deficit is something we have to take care of for our own economic health," says Gilles Saint-Paul, an economist with DELTA, a Paris-based research center. The problem for European politicians is that, in contrast to the situation in North America, the political consensus for deficit-slashing does not exist. "The mainstream thinking in France is very weak in terms of sophisticated economic analysis," says Saint-Paul. "And because it is so hard to find a new job in the French economy, the United States people realize that it is a little bit of a joke that you could cut public expenditures here as radically as in North America."

Of course, the political support for slashing government budgets did not always exist in Canada, either. Stanley Harris, who served as Brian Mulroney's deputy finance minister and, later, chief of staff, remembers that a decade ago there was little public concern about the deficit. "Every time you cut this program or that, there was no outcry," he recalled last week. "It was only over the years that there came to be an understanding that something had to be done."

Harris is eager to talk about the psychological groundbreak led by the Mulroney government, which has given Jean Chrétien's Liberals a relatively free hand to make cuts. Even the Tories did not realize how far opinion had moved, said Harris. Rather than portraying themselves as defectors from their last pre-election budget, the Tories offered one that was traditionally safe. He then, said Harris, "instead of being ruled behind us, and we never saw that," a journey that Europeans have yet to make. □



Opportunity knocks

Japan's appetite for Canadian goods is growing

Gaylord Laidl, the 64-year-old founder and president of Scarborough, Ont.-based Vicoray Homes Ltd., knows it's about time he flew to Vancouver at a moment's notice. In May, 1994, to meet with an executive of Japan's Sanyo Electric Co. Victoria, a manufacturer of prefabricated homes, had watched its annual revenues shrink 36 per cent to \$25 million in the early 1990s as a result of a severe downturn in the housing market. Laidl sensed that the meeting with Sanyo—known together by the day before by the Ottawa branch of the Japan External Trade Organization—might result in a deal that would help turn his company's fortunes around.

"I jumped on the first plane to Vancouver," recalls Laidl. The decision paid off handsomely when Sanyo selected Vicoray as an main North American supplier of prebuilt homes. Vicoray has since expanded its

client base to 25 Japanese builders, accounting for just over half of the company's \$42.4 million in sales for the year ended March 31, 1995. "I later heard that one of the reasons Sanyo selected us is because I dropped everything and flew across the country for a brief meeting with no guarantees," Laidl says. For Vicoray, it was less so. "I about exporting to Japan, to succeed in that field and maintain a lifestyle in a modest, comfortable, first and foremost democratic environment."

It is a lesson more and more Canadian companies have decided a worth learning. The Asian giant is Canada's second-biggest trading partner after the United States, with 1995 two-way trade valued at \$25.9 billion. The flow of goods between the two countries has traditionally followed a predictable pattern. Canada ships raw and semi-processed materials such as lumber and coal, in exchange for manufactured items like machines,



Laidl: a brief meeting with no guarantees

cars, automobiles and consumer electronics. But the pattern is changing. In recent years, high-value-added products—in particular prebuilt homes and computer software—have shot up in prominence on the export side of the Canadian ledger. Shipments of prebuilt houses to Japan

totalled \$131 million in 1990, compared with \$54.7 million in 1994 and more than \$99.7 million in 1992. And industry expectations are for still-steady growth for the foreseeable future. Software shipments, in contrast, are difficult to track, but experts put the figure at around \$200 million—and rising fast. The main reason is that Japan was slower than North America and Europe in switching from main frame computers to PCs. The country is now making up for lost time by embracing up-to-date computer technology it can get its hands on.

In short, opportunities for Canadian housing and software companies entering the Japanese market are waiting anywhere else in the world, thanks in part to a favorable exchange rate. Consider that Japan had 1.5 million housing starts last year, compared with 149,833 in Canada. Traditionally, most Japanese houses have been made from wood, but last year only about 33,000 used the North American method of two-by-four frame construction, and of those only 16,800 were imported. The rest, some 677,000, were

built using post-and-beam construction, which provides less lateral strength—and faded quickly during the 1993 Kobe earthquake. Increasingly, Japanese buyers favor North American-style houses because they are sturdier, better insulated and less expensive. "With the exchange rate where it is, buying a North American home is like getting a BMW at a Chevrolet price," says Robert Richards, a portfolio manager who follows Vicoray for Richardson Green, a subsidiary of Canada Ltd.

VALUE-ADDED GROWTH

Canadian exports of manufactured goods to Japan in millions



"For Japanese women a Western style kitchen is an unbelievable luxury." He adds that the biggest problem for Canadian builders will not be finding Japanese customers, but keeping up with the demand. Japan's software market, valued at about \$4.7 billion, is the world's second-largest after the United States. "We expect in the next four years we can get a \$20-million business going over there," says Ron Zamboni, president of Caposoft Inc., an Ottawa-based software company to the year end-

ing Feb. 28, 1995, only \$2 million of Caposoft's \$20.5 million in revenues came from Japan, but that should change, with the signing of a joint-venture agreement in December between the company and Tokyo Ltd., a Tokyo conglomerate. Zamboni says that having a local partner is critical for success in Japan, but the courting involved is not for the impatient. Caposoft would Tokyo for more than three years before the company committed. "They got to know us first," he says. "They really understood how we ticked before they signed the deal. But now they're the best partner you could ever want," says Zamboni.

Fulcrum Technologies Inc., another Ottawa software company, signed a joint-venture agreement in July with Japanese computer giant Fujitsu Ltd. "Japan is going to be an important market for us," says Leo Goodwin, the company's president and co-founder. While Japan accounted for less than one per cent of last year's \$42.9 million in revenues, Goodwin expects it to swing up to 20 per cent of a substantially larger figure over the next three years. That is often a word of caution: "Whereas you can correct your errors in other markets, that's typically not done in Japan. Market opportunities can be lost very quickly." As he and others have found out, it takes commitment.

ERIK HEINRICH



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Deirdre McMurdy



The Bottom Line

The walls that divide

Perhaps Lucien Bouchard has a point. Perhaps Canada is just a selfish marriage of convenience: self-interest supersedes on-country. Perhaps our common bonds are an obsolete vanity, the political equivalent of the Canadian Football League. Perhaps we should just dissolve into a jumble of distinct societies and regional interests.

The U.S. Congress has decided to begin hearings next week into the future of Canada and the implications of its possible breakup for the North American Free Trade Agreement. At the same time, learned Americans, such as Prof. Charles Dorn of Johns Hopkins University, have begun issuing public warnings about the coming danger for U.S. interests by Canadian provocation.

After all, Canadians aren't even blood brothers. Quebec health officials don't want to risk exposure to leishmaniasis, so last week, the province threatened to opt out of plans for a new, national blood service. Even recent federal provincial meetings on such motherhood issues as national environmental standards are being treated as delicately as the SAIT II negotiations.

On the capital markets, there's chronic failure to win support for a national securities commission. British Columbia and Quebec have both refused to relinquish any authority to a national regulator—most to maintain the revenue they now receive for required filings and listings. Although every other major country in the global-capital business has uniform national standards, rules and enforcement provisions, this apparently has no bearing on the situation.

On the interprovincial front, British Columbia and New Brunswick are currently locked in a nasty game of beggar-my-neighbor. As stake is that most precious political commodity: jobs. About 900 jobs to be precise. It seems that Part Prince McKenna got it up British Columbia's nose when he offered United Parcel Service Canada Ltd. a \$11-million subsidy to relocate to his province about 18 months ago. Now, B.C. Premier Glen Clark wants to

put his province before a newly hatched interprovincial dispute resolution panel. McKenna, however, is unlikely to budge under any pressure. His position is that the panel has no jurisdiction over the matter because it wasn't formed until after the UPS deal. Furthermore, under the terms of the 1986 Agreement on Internal Trade (AIT), there are no restrictions on provincial subsidies for economic development—even if those subsidies might prove detrimental to others. And even if the AIT panel does rule against New Brunswick, the judgments are not binding on offending parties.

The long-simmering standoff between British Columbia and New Brunswick, according to thoughtful observers, could totally compromise the AIT and the progress it represents. But with all due respect to those who toiled long and hard to forge the deal, an interprovincial trade and the AIT are already in a pretty fragile condition.

The Canadian Chamber of Commerce has just released a study revealing that while international trade is booming (Canada has just posted a \$4.56 billion annual trade surplus in its current accounts in the second quarter), interprovincial exports have declined marginally in seven of 10 provinces. The chamber claims that existing trade barriers cost Canada about \$7 billion a year—one per cent of gross domestic product. And it wants all levels of government to apply the same logic to improve interprovincial trade as they do to boosting international trade.

Granted, it's a tough nut to crack. Provincial trade barriers are a lot harder to crack. It's also worth noting that the bureaucrats charged with dismantling the barriers have, in many cases, a vested interest in preserving them. That's the reason why the European Commission, charged with engineering free trade within the European Union, is scrupulously independent. The old, hard facts don't hold much hope for a happy ending. But then, Canada has a history of proving itself to be more than just a state of mind.



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An inquiry at First Marathon

SHERRITT IN HAVANA

Sherritt International Corp., the Canadian mining company whose operations are based on extracting the United States from a new lawsuit to discourage foreign investment in Cuba, held its first full board meeting in Havana, *Analysts* said the meeting was a clear signal that Sherritt intends to continue operating in Cuba.

HYDRO QUEBEC SHAKEUP

Hydro Quebec appears poised to bring Gas International Inc. president André Gauthier as its chief executive. Premier Lucien Bouchard has been moving to install his own management team as the company prepares for the deregulation of the U.S. electricity market.

GILLETTE-DURACELL DEAL

The world's biggest razor company is seeking over the top to come in above bid. The \$94.4-million acquisition will give Gillette Co. of Boston another well-known product to sell worldwide while offering Duracell International of Bethel, Conn., a chance to grow in markets where Gillette is strong. The deal is expected to be completed by the end of the year.

WIRELESS CABLE

SciCable Inc. of Brandon, Man., says it is close to launching the world's first wireless cable system. The company plans to send digital transmissions that carry digital signals to subscribers across most of Manitoba. With the launch of direct-to-home satellite TV delayed in Canada, SciCable would become the first direct competitor to regular cable services.

NEW REAL ESTATE GIANT

Gold mine giant Peter Munk announced plans to merge his holding company, Horseshoe Corp., with Thorco Corp., the real estate company of which it owns 44 per cent. The deal will create a property giant with nearly \$6.6 billion in assets. Munk said no transaction will be too large for the new company to undertake.

ROYAL BUYBACK PLAN

The Royal Bank of Canada says it will spend nearly \$1.5 billion to buy back nearly 31 million of its 355 million outstanding common shares. Chairman David Clarkson said the move should increase the value of the company's shares over the long term.

First Marathon Securities Ltd., one of Canada's largest independent brokerage firms, has been called on the carpet by Toronto Stock Exchange investigators for its proper monitoring clients' accounts over a three-year period. The TSE has ordered Lawrence Bloomberg, First Marathon's aggressive founder and chief executive officer, and Stuart Hines, vice-president of administration, to appear before a TSE disciplinary hearing on Oct. 31.

The TSE alleges that from 1992 to 1995, First Marathon ran a risk of exchange regulations by failing to conduct monthly written reviews of large accounts. The watchdog agency uncovered the infractions during its annual review, and each time First Marathon was ordered to get its house in order. "The gist of the matter is, there were repeated infractions, infractions, and at the end of the day they were not corrected," said John Carson, the TSE's senior vice-president of operations and market



Walsh: ordered to appear before the TSE

regulation. Monthly account reviews are designed to help protect clients from careless or dishonest brokers.

Michael Walsh, a First Marathon vice-president, said that the reviews were carried out, but not consistently. The problem has been corrected, he added. Also named as a defendant in the matter is the company's former compliance officer, Robert Walsh, who left the firm in July 1995. Earlier, last summer, was Stuart Hines.

First Marathon's run-in with the TSE marks the second time this summer the brokerage has come under scrutiny for questionable practices. Several First Marathon brokers made huge profits promoting shares in Century Resources Corp., a junior mining company. Walsh said an internal investigation found that eight brokers and investment brokers in the firm's Calgary and Vancouver offices broke securities laws, but did not verify. The firm has not decided whether to take disciplinary action, he added.

Commerce on the Net

Royal Bank of Canada is joining forces with U.S. banks on a major foray into Internet banking. The new consortium, dubbed Internet Financial Network, includes such giants as Bank of America and Banc One and accounts for more than half of North America's retail banking customers. The announcement is the latest sign of the Internet's rapidly growing importance to business. In a recent survey of Canadian executives, 81 per cent agreed that the global computer network is a valuable business tool, not merely a fad. Of the 404 companies in the survey, 237 already have employees connected to the Internet. The survey asked respondents to identify the most important steps to use the Internet. The most frequently cited responses:

Finding competitive or market information	... 32%
Communicating with clients	... 29%
Obtaining customer information	... 12%
Selling the Web	... 9%
Communicating with employees	... 8%
Marketing products	... 7%

SOURCE: A. HANSEN

Peter C. Newman
A startling gold rush below Parliament Hill

P arliament Hill has produced much dusty dialogue and many improbable characters, with little of the noise and few of the people contributing anything of real value.

All that may be about to change. If an imaginative trio of Ottawa investors have their way—and if the \$4 million needed can be raised to finance their improbable venture—such as one million ounces of gold worth a potential \$480-million could be mined within sight and sound of the House of Commons. Barring last-minute complications, serious excavation is due to start this week.

Three partners in the bid to dredge the bottom of the Ottawa River adjacent to the old Royal Canadian Mint plan to excavate billions of dollars in gold production facilities. Those partners include Pierre Gosselin, head of Les Mines JAG Inc., a Montreal-based exploration company; Les Pél, a Canadian prospecting who learned his trade successfully hunting for gold in Mali, West Africa; and the Cohen brothers, Harold and Al, who own the capital city's best-known demolition firm.

They are dead serious even if their project borders on the whimsical, if not the absurd. Preliminary geological and financial studies by two private consultants indicate that the gold is there. This week, a 60-foot barge owned by an Ottawa dredging company will be in position to grab an initial 500-ton bulk sample for analysis and evaluation.

The story begins in 1913, when the Royal Canadian Mint, which has since moved to a new building on a hill above the Ottawa River overlooking the Parliament Buildings, began to handle gold on a large scale. The mint's capacity had to be dramatically increased during the First World War when South Africa decided to have its gold stored for the Bank of England processed in Canada. The resulting problem was to process the shipments that required two shifts working six days a week to produce the needed flow of million ounces monthly. The mint eventually became the largest gold refinery in the Western Hemisphere—but not the cheapest. Mint officials point out that up until 1972 there was not that much reason to guard every minute particle of gold, because its price was only \$35 an ounce or less. Since 1974, the mint has processed more tons of gold than it did in the previous 118 years, with the average of pure 999.999 per cent gold. (The gold arrives in the form of 70 per cent pure bars from the mines and is then refined to 99.999 per cent pure bullion.)

Before rudimentary environmental restrictions were put in place in 1968—which have since been strengthened—the production process allowed the direct discharge of effluents into the Ottawa River. The liquid residue waste, according to the analysis done by sponsors of the current scheme, contains significant recoverable

quantities of precious metals, not only gold but platinum and silver, which are often contained in the processed gold. Prospector Fred first latched on to the idea in 1967 when he got a permit from the Ontario government to process the mine's "waste," the dust and debris from the refining operations that have since been contained nearly of making Maple Leaf gold coins. A nearby refinery he owns was able to extract 600 ounces of gold and 1,200 ounces of silver, worth about \$2.5 million, out of 11 tons of the waste waste. "Because of the low-level contours of the riverbed, the valuable silty deposits from far past half century are still there, in the river," Fred insists. "We've brought up river bottom samples, which averaged up to 215 ounces of gold per ton of residue."

Fred has spent \$1.6 million doing his due diligence. In 1990, he negotiated a five-year, renewable agreement with the Ontario government, which even the merited, to remove the underwater silt and sand in return for a \$50-per-ounce royalty payment. Municipal and federal permits have also been obtained. The environmental impact of the project remains unclear, but Fred insists that his firm is conforming with existing regulations. "The impact won't be any worse than the wharf that was built on the site," he says. "I have never seen a permit," he told me. "We don't know of any firm in the world that's ever done this kind of work. It's a new kind of work, though some of our donors claim to have seen some surveys on the bottom."

Some 35 per cent of the new venture is being financed by Les Mines JAG, which has built a dozen development properties in Quebec and Ontario. Listed on the Montreal Stock Exchange since 1976, the company spent nearly \$300,000 on exploration last year. "We're looking at mining and re-mining upwards of 50,000 tons of dredged river waste in

Noyon Bay," confirms JAG president Gosselin. JAG plans to spend an initial \$500,000 on a feasibility study before the group decides whether or not to proceed with the project. Under the Montreal Stock Exchange's rules, the company must first be able to file a pre-feasibility report on the project in the time required. That has since been received, and the stock has shot up from 15 cents to about \$3 a share.

Dr. Gao Tan, a hydrogeology expert with Natural Resources Canada, recently completed the unusual project's most detailed assessment, substantiating its feasibility. "Dredge material contains about the exact magnitude of the deposit," he wrote, "valuable estimates from historical accounts, technological considerations and exploratory sampling programs indicate the presence of at least one million ounces of precious metal. Recovery of the submerged waste can be done safely and expeditiously, with significant economic and environmental benefits to the area. The project is technically feasible and economically viable."

With one

The Ottawa River
may yield a jackpot
of \$400 million
for a project that
borders on the
whimsical, if
not the absurd

BY DIANE TUSKID

A attractive young woman is charged with murder. She is convicted and receives a lighter sentence than her male accomplice, who is given the maximum penalty. The news papers enjoy a bonanza, each trying to outdo the other in uncovering every last detail of the crime. There is much prurient discussion about the sexual relationship of the two accused. Debate rages over whether the woman was the evil instigator or a terrified victim coerced by a killer into committing heinous acts. The women who follow us have the gossamer detail of the events. Sound familiar? While the story is eerily reminiscent of the *Kafka Hamsika* Paul Bernardo saga that unfolded last year in a Toronto courtroom, in reality it describes a notorious

University of Toronto. There there are the 14 books of criticism written about her work, with the first full-length biography due out as 1999 from McGill University academic Nathalie Cooke. The *Atwood* Web site on the Internet also does a brisk business, offering information about the author and her readers—as she apt to keep up with the steady stream of letters and queries that flow in to O. W. Toad Ltd., the anonymous-nurse under which *Atwood* has incorporated herself.

The 56-year-old author seems remarkably serene even in the midst of this hubbub—and at the outset of a seven-month tour on four continents. Amongst for an interview last week at Maclean's House in Toronto, once the home of 1837 Rebel leader William Lyon Mackenzie who figures in the background of *Alias Grace*, *Atwood* is playful with the photographer. She turns it up, hitting and striking silly poses—

The author: the true story of Grace Marks has haunted her for decades



A brilliant new historical novel confirms her status at the top of her craft

a sharp stick. And then they feel quite bright." Nonetheless, despite the evident amnesia she still harbors, *Atwood* seems almost serene, even as she skewers the press. "I've been through several miscarriages," she says in her unobtainable cool deadpan. "But I'd be surprised at how Maclean's-like I became as soon as I had an infant. The daughters, Jess, now 30? That lasted for about four years. I practically had a hair. Also, it is no longer with me. Pretty soon I'll be old and wrinkly and sad."

But on the evidence of *Alias Grace*, *Atwood's* verve and vigor are only increasing with age. The novel is the author's masterpiece first long into historical fiction—in a year when two other noteworthy authors, Gay Vanderhaeghe and Katherine Goss, have also successfully mined the past. Since 1989, *Alias Grace* is the highest bid yet for a Canadian novel. Canadian publishing has (page 63) but it also seems destined to become her greatest international success, more popular than *The Handmaid's Tale* (1985), *Cat's Eye* (1988) or *The Robber Bride* (1993). *Alias Grace* has made the preliminary list of contenders for Britain's prestigious Booker Prize for fiction. It did another Canadian work, Robertson Murray's *A Fine Balance*.

An advance review in *Booklist*, the influential American Library Association periodical, calls *Alias Grace* "a stupendous performance... bound to win Atwood even greater acclaim." Greg Gatzert, artistic director of Canada's International Festival of Authors, says that after reading the book, he sent *Atwood*—who happens to be a personal friend—a fan letter. "I was so moved that I wanted her to know, in writing, just how impressed I was," Gatzert, now travelling in Scandinavia to prepare a Nordic authors festival, says that everywhere he goes in the region, "people speak of *Atwood* as the obvious writer from Canada to win the Nobel. Most people in the book trade here consider her a likely winner in due course."

In the meantime, publishers are pulling out all the stops for *Alias Grace*. The promotional schedule has been going up for months in the United States towards the book's December launch. *Alias Grace* is a U.S. Book-of-the-Month Club mass selection—a first for the author. And Doubleday, *Atwood's* U.S. publisher, will initially print 175,000 to 200,000 hardcover copies, a phenomenally large number for a new debut. As well, 25,000 copies of *Alias Grace* "Reader's Companion" are in the pipeline, and last month, Doubleday shot a promotional video for the U.S. market, featuring *Atwood* reading from the novel and explaining how she researched her book. Says Doubleday's Nan Tishue, who has been *Atwood's* American editor for 20 years: "We're very confident with this book, and just only have to look at superb advance reviews to know why." *Atwood's* British publisher, Bloomsbury, is going into an ad campaign to attract advance critics from bookstores.

In Canada, McClelland & Stewart, does not receive volume orders from print runs, but several previous *Atwood* titles have sold 50,000 hardcover copies. Next month—after announcing

Amazing Atwood

case tried in Upper Canada in 1842. Grace Marks, a 16-year-old housemaid, and assassin James McDermott were convicted of murdering her employer and his mistress. Now celebrated Canadian author Margaret Atwood has chosen that story as her main novel, *Alias Grace*, which she describes as "a mystery about a murder." Brilliantly realized, intellectually provocative and madly suspenseful, it has already been hailed as a work that confirms *Atwood* as "the outstanding torchbearer of our age."

That accolade, from the *London Sunday Times*, puts more gloss on *Atwood's* already brilliant reputation. Her 41 novels, poetry books, children's tales, works of literary criticism and autobiographies—published in 22 languages—have won hundreds of international awards and honorary degrees. According to her mentor, Seth Cooper, *Atwood* generates so much international press, reviews, and editors—that it is unusual, with the documents going to the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library at the

but only while he is adjusting the camera and cannot catch her. "This is a lot more fun than being interviewed," she says.

Given how she has been portrayed over the years, *Atwood's* writings of journalism seem understandable. She has often been depicted as a cold, a hostile, near-biting, impetuous writer who invents characters "so prone to sulking, you wonder how their creator can get up at the morning," as one British critic recently put it. *Atwood* believes that image can be at least partly explained by her career coinciding with the rise of feminism—and the ensuing backlash. "For a long time, Alice [Mansfield] got the 'just a housewife' label," *Atwood* says of her fellow Canadian writer. "So you're that, or you're a 19-ton machine with wheels in your hair. Either way, it's a way of not taking you seriously as a writer."

Then there is the Canadian tendency to underestimate a successful writer. Some journalists, she says, "come with that so-Canadian thing, 'Oh, who does she think she is? I'm going to poke her with

books British and German launches of her book, and before doing promotion in the United States—Atwood will embark on a 17-city domestic tour. Canadian celebration of the new book will culminate in a gala tribute to Atwood in Toronto on Nov. 2, part of the annual International Festival of Authors at the city's Harbourfront Centre.

But does true quality ever in a "literary age"? During an appearance on *Maclean's* radio last week, Atwood rejected that description, noting that the really heavy hitters in the celebrity game are "rock stars, Elizabeth Taylor." And she is definitely on the degree of her fame. After all, it's still possible for her to live fairly anonymously in downtown Toronto with her partner of 33 years, writer Graeme Gibson. She is strict about maintaining the privacy of her daughter, now away at university, and her stepsons, Matthew and Genesis, who are both in their early 30s. When she cuts out to a few local restaurants, people sometimes interrupt her meal, but most just turn her heads for a second look—and get used to it. And she makes frequent public appearances on behalf of various writer-related causes. (She has a strong record of activism in The Writers Union of Canada, *Association Internationale des Écrivains* and the Canadian chapter of PEN, which helps free imprisoned writers. "I should never have been a Thelma in childhood," Atwood says dryly. "I was told to go out and act like Thelma. That was a good cause, but it ruined me for life.")

Atwood's candid, unpretentious, but never modest, nature have seldom, however, answered her questions in an introduction that she has written for an upcoming *Prison* issue devoted to women writers. "What read did you travel on, and when did you meet on the way, and who helped you across the river where the water was deepest? Do you have to suffer to be a writer, and if so, how much, and what kind of suffering would you recommend? How do you find your way out of an agonizingly frozen desert in blizzards? Are there any special books? What kind of chair?" But these



Courtroom drawing of Grace Marks and James McDermott in 1843; ambiguity



the emerging field of psychology, has been lured by a group of reformers who believe in Grace's culpability. That is, she is not a victim. It is a clever twist of storytelling, if a scholar's conclusion that gets stirred up as he becomes estranged in an uneasy sexual affair.

As James and Grace sit in the prison governor's house, where she performs day labor as a seamstress and cooks' helper, she relates a nameless memory: tracing her impoverished childhood in Ireland, the physical barren of her family is lifted crossing to Upper Canada, and when she finds her new world a violent episode of which she has no memory? Atwood has threaded her tale with ambiguity, rich metaphor and startling images.

Just as the fictional Grace will haunt readers long afterward, the real Grace Marks has bewitched Atwood's imagination for decades. She first encountered the tale in 1962 in Susan Moody's *Life in the Chertsey* (1962), an immigrant Englishwoman's chronicle of Upper Canada society. Moody describes her years in Kingston Penitentiary and to the new Toronto Ladies' Asylum, where Marks spent a brief period. Her account of seeing the notorious woman at both establishments planted a seed. In 1974, Atwood wrote a CBC television play called *The Seven Girls* based on the events. Then 30 years later, while Atwood was in Zurich hotel room looking out the window, the author had a vision of Grace in the prison yard. "I sat down and wrote the opening scene [of the novel] on the hotel stationery," Atwood recalls.

More than two years of diligent research and writing followed the initial burst. Atwood—who had the help of two researchers, one of whom was her younger son, Mark—discovered that Moody's tale was accurate in many respects. Historical documentation was sometimes incomplete, but when pen logs and medical records were often flimsy, and newspaper accounts were wildly contradictory. Meanwhile, far from being influenced by the modern-day feminist narrative, Atwood says that she deliberately avoided it, instead burying herself "in the pen of 1843, seeing how that crime was being played out in the press."

Still, her editors—McClelland & Stewart's Ellen Seligman, Bloomsbury's Lin Collier and Doubleday's Talia—expressed little surprise at the push to make *Alias Grace* a bestseller. They had had no asking because the author's protestative about her writing: the first person to see a new work in her list, *Angels in America*, had said, "Phew! Lorraine! Once Lorraine had looked at *Alias Grace*, she joined British agent Vivienne Schuster, Collier, Talia and Seligman in Toronto to read and analyze the new work." "It's not, it's a bit like a pyrotechnic party," said Lorraine, who explains that for Atwood's last three books, she has been in the Park Plaza Hotel for several days to read, discuss and analyze the manuscript in meetings and over dinners. The arrangement is unusual—not least because it brings together so many high-powered publishing executives to pay exclusive attention to one novel. But Lorraine's strategy was to have a unified voice providing feedback to Atwood, who joins the group afterward.

Near month later, Atwood's publisher played a positive trick: at the Eden Mills Writers' Festival, 60 km west of Toronto, where she did her first public reading from *Grace*, the day after the book's Canadian launch on Sept. 7. The audience—middle-aged matrons, young men with shaved heads and pierced eyebrows, gentle men in suits—was a mix of all ages, all ethnicities, all backgrounds. All alert and clapped in the lineup later for autographs, one 30-year woman said Atwood (but her books had not an influence on her own grown children. The author looked slightly surprised. "No, really," the woman insisted. "They changed their thinking about some things after my reading. And they're aware of their Canadian-ness in a way that their fathers were wouldn't have been."

A publicist's dream had just walked up and uttered an almost perfect sound bite to promote Canadian author. But the TV camera had been shut off and barely anyone heard. Atwood smiled and signed, murmuring her thanks. Most likely, she will hear variations on that comment as her tour winds its way high. There will be more questions about where the book is read, how it is received, what it reflects events in her own life. But Atwood will not tell. Like Grace Marks, she knows how to keep her secrets secret. □

Alias Grace is at the centre of a dizzying international hubbub

Maclean's EXCERPT

A voice from the past

Margaret Atwood tells much of *Alias Grace* in the voice of its protagonist, Grace Marks, a young domestic worker from Ireland incarcerated in Kingston Penitentiary in 1843. For the events of her *Prison* issue and its sequel, *Prison*, she spends part of her time helping out in the prison governor's house. An excerpt:



The governor's wife cuts these crimes out of the newspapers and gossips them to us, she will even write away for old newspapers with crimes that were done before her time. It is her collection, she is a lady and they are all collecting things these days, and so the most interesting and precious flowers, and in any case the ideas to horrify her acquaintances.

So I have read what they put in about me. She showed the scrapbook to me herself, I suppose she wanted to see what I would do. I do hearten her to keep my face still, I made my eyes wide and but she is an old woman, and I said I had once read in the paper that you, and was now a changed person, and would she wish me to remove the old things now, but I've looked at these things,

and posted them into her scrapbook. They did say some true things. They said I had a good character, and that was so, because nobody had ever taken advantage of me, although they tried. They called James McDermott my partner. They wrote a down, as it says in the newspaper. I think it is disgusting to write such things down.

That is what really interests them—the gentlemen and the ladies both. They don't care if I killed anyone. I could have cut dozens of throats, it's only what they admire in a soldier. They don't scarcely blame. We was freely acquainted, it is their chief concern, and they don't know how themselves whether they want the answer to be so or no.

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Signing books: puzzled by curiosity about a writer's personal habits

point, Grace discovers that real ladies are never supposed to sit on a chair past created by a gentleman. "Of course, you silly goose," she said when she got the "beans," another maid had explained to her in exasperation.)

Atwood marries the mystery about Grace's culpability to the end. Was she the shy temptress who promised sexual favors to McDermott, or he would kill Mary? The bookkeeper with whom she competed for the attentions of "Elizabeth" or was she an innocent girl whose untouchable life culminated in a violent episode of which she has no memory? Atwood has threaded her tale with ambiguity, rich metaphor and startling images.

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The notion of Margaret Atwood writing a historical true-crime work at first seems surprising. Her eight previous novels, which

How the West Was Wounded

When Guy Vanderhaeghe was researching his new historical novel, *The Englishman's Boy*, he drove several days from his home in Saskatoon to the Cypress Hills, five hours to the south. A geographical anomaly, the Hills rise out of the dry, southwestern Saskatchewan prairie like a low, forested cloud. Today, they are a public park, a peaceful place where families come to hike and picnic. But in 1893, the Hills were the scene of one of the bloodiest episodes in Canadian history, when a group of drifters, mostly Americans, murdered about 30 native people in a questionable slaying house. Vanderhaeghe wanted to make the event—commonly known as the Englishman's Boy massacre—the centerpiece of his novel, and he was determined to portray its setting accurately. At one point he tried to drive up onto the rough trails that lead through the Hills—and nearly tore the bottom out of his car. Another time, he climbed at dusk into the landscape pines and sat for hours, notebook on knee, trying to capture the strange, whispering isolation of the place. "The mosquitoes," he recalls wryly, "were nearly as bad as I described them in the book."

Vanderhaeghe's knowledge are probably the norm for the historical novelist, a breed of writer who will do anything, apparently, to find out exactly how it was. Besides wandering through the Saskatchewan–Montana border area, Vanderhaeghe also read hundreds of books, poured through old novels, scholarly and popular histories, piles of family manuscripts and even slave letters, looking for details that could spark his tale to life. And in the end, the spitfires and bug bites have paid off. *The Englishman's Boy* is one of the finest historical novels ever written by a Canadian, an elegant, well-paced adventure story that also probes some long-hidden truths in the way civilization works—or fails to work—in that raw, lawless frontier zone known as the frontier.

The soft spoken, 45-year-old author began his literary career awkwardly in 1983 with a collection of memorable short stories called *My Denouement*. It was not only a Governor General's Award but also gave him Canada's master of the genre, Alice Munro, who called his "wonderful" Saskatchewan novel—the crime *My Present Absence* appeared in 1984, followed by *Bonnick*, a family drama, in 1989—have had generally favorable reviews. But critical respectability has not translated into financial success. To help support himself and his painter wife, Margaret, Vanderhaeghe teaches creative writing at a Saskatoon night school, and, as he drifts past it, he begs for grants.

Yet the beggery may end with *The Englishman's Boy*. His thriller-like novel seems about to have a wide appeal. The book is so different from Vanderhaeghe's earlier fiction that it almost seems writ-



Vanderhaeghe
insights into the
Englishman's
Boy

ten by someone else. Until now, the author has preferred a dark, almost claustrophobic focus on the conflicts of friendship and family life. But *The Englishman's Boy* has a clean, exhilarating openness, as if a genre word were blowing through its pages. Vanderhaeghe himself says he was surprised by the book when it began to emerge on the screen of his word processor. "Normally I write very slowly," he says. But after he had spent several years finding his way into *The Englishman's Boy*, it began to draw him rapidly for word. "I was getting up at five in the morning and working through the day and into the night, just to keep up with it."

The novel contains two interrelated stories which, like in the book, converge explosively. One, set in the fall of 1893, is a fiction about Saskatchewan-born Harry Vincent, a writer of scenarios for the silent movies. A showbusiness dreamer, Vincent, hires Harry to track down

one of the last frontier cowboys, an old man called Shanty McLeod. Vincent believes McLeod has had adventures that could form the basis of the ultimate western—a film epic that he hopes will rival W.D. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*. Harry's encounters with the grizzled Chase—a self-styled prophet of the American way of life, with a strong fascist streak—allow Vanderhaeghe to show how artistic aims can mask ideological messages. And Shanty's extraordinary circumstances make the vanished frontier seem a lot less glamorous than Hollywood generally portrays it.

That de-bunking of the mythic American West goes much deeper in the nonfictional history set in 1893, it concerns a mass murder long known only as "The Englishman's Boy" because he once worked as a server for a British tourist. After wandering a man in a Montana bar, the boy makes refuge with a gang of hard-bitten American settlers—men collecting "wall" pots for bounty—who are punning some Indians they believe have stolen some of their horses. Their adventure-filled journey north towards Canada, culminating in the bloodbath at Cypress Hills, becomes a case study in the tribulations of easy violence. Ironically Vanderhaeghe: "Many of the settlers

were suffering from a kind of post-Vietnam syndrome. They were veterans—psychologically damaged by their participation in the American Civil War. They had become social misfits, but they found solace in the West, doing society's dirty work."

Much of that work consisted of driving out the tribes who already lived there. In some of its most affecting passages, *The Englishman's Boy* offers brief glimpses of the prairie's native people, whose attachment to the land stands in such stark contrast to the brutal invasion of the whites. Vanderhaeghe traces his admiration for the Indians to his childhood in Estevanburg, Sask., a small mining town near the Montana border, where he was born in 1961. "As a child, I was very much taken by anything to do with native Americans," he recalls. "I read a lot of Zane Grey novels, and loved my summers with Indians in them."

In fact, Vanderhaeghe loved it any more he could not that position his period of time he could not do without (and also to avoid being back-to-back showings of the same feature in the local movie house. As only child—his father was a radio-band-turned-farmer while his mother had been a teacher—Vanderhaeghe says he sought to longer his hours in watching Alberta. After seeing a film, he might pretend for days afterwards that he was one of its characters. And almost as soon as he could read and write, he took to composing stories of his own. "They were variations of what I had read."

Vanderhaeghe grew up writing as a teenager. "I didn't want to be known as a writer," he says, "I wanted to be as useful as a brick as possible." But, as a spite of himself, he managed to get into the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon. While working on an MA in history, he came down with diabetes, an event he now describes as a "wake-up call." Fearing that he might otherwise be crippled by diabetic complications, he left studies in order to devote his energies to his enduring first love: writing stories. Four years later, he published *Man Denouncing*. A self-described pessimist, Vanderhaeghe reacts coolly to the suggestion that *The Englishman's Boy* will bring him wider fame, and maybe even riches. "As I tell my writing machine," he says, "if that's what you're after, you're better off buying a lottery ticket." As for himself, he feels he has been writing too long now to ever consider doing anything else. "I think I've got to the point of no return."

JOHN DEMME

Love Among the Ruins

ANGEL WALK

By Katherine Gossler
(Little Brown, 416 pages, \$29.95)

The Second World War marks a terrible period in Canadian history—and a source of dramatic possibilities that Canadian novelists have been remarkably reluctant to exploit. It is as if the sheer scale of the event seems almost off the country's yet-to-be-articulate a home. Most novelists—let alone a man, Thibault—have been reluctant to exploit it. It is as if the sheer scale of the event seems almost off the country's yet-to-be-articulate a home. Most novelists—let alone a man, Thibault—have been reluctant to exploit it.

And its protagonist is not some familiar Johnny Canuck, but a serious Canadian war photographer, Cortina Ditchburn. Her story—evoked as an extended flashback to the 40-year-old "Cory" prepares for a retrospective of her work—recalls a time when she struggled for identity and the delineation of war:

But no character can take on life in a vacuum. Cory's reality depends heavily on having vital antagonists to bump up against. She craves several romantic liaisons, and points virulently with her employees, real-life Canadian newspaper magnate Lord Howland, a man fairly alarmed by the pleasures of making power. But Cory's real world partner is her longtime lover, painter Albert Bloom, a married man who is a promotion officer in the army. Gossler's portrait of Bloom is one of the finest things in the book. He has a genius for making women as nervous as vulnerability, but despite his success he often falls prey to self-doubt. He can also be charming and intellectually fascinating. His endless arguments with Cory—he adores her while despising her work—might have crumbled under more stress, but she seems to thrive on conflict.

After the war, Cory returns to her family home in Georgian Bay, where she concentrates on nature photography and on making Tony, her son by Albert. The last 50 pages narrating the rest of her life are less exciting than the war years, yet their mood of quiet intimacy helps flesh out the fallacies of Cory's life. In the end, *Angel Walk* is narrowly but not between the hazards of battle and Cory's slow, loving contemplation of the light and water of the bay.

It is a remarkable story, and Gossler, 46, has never written so well. Until now, her finest work could be found in her three short-story collections, including—most recently—*The Inconceivable* (Gossler Photography Gallery, 1994). Her four previous novels have not been as strong, often striving for dramatic effect. *Angel Walk*, on the other hand, is assured, original and completely convincing. Her portrait of Cory Ditchburn is a major contribution to the gallery of strong female characters created by Margaret Laurence, Michael Ondaatje, and others. The young photographer—she is 27 when, in the late 30s, she leaves her home in Ontario's Georgian Bay and travels to England—is at the rough, made-manedness of the artist balanced explicitly with a positive, drifting quality that is particularly noticeable in her postwar years.

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J.B.

A Vintage Season for Readers

BY D'ARCY JENISH

Over the past few weeks, Mary Jo Anderson has had the odd media night and the occasional white-knuckle day. Anderson is in the midst of renewing and expanding her terrific independent bookstore, First Hollow Books, located in a downtown Halifax shopping centre. She is also racing against the clock, anxious to get the job done in time for the fall book bite, the 10 weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas that can account for 80 per cent of a bookstore's annual sales. But Anderson has more in mind than just the sound of jangling cash registers. She is eager to fill her shelves with what she and many of her counterparts across the country are calling some of the best Canadian fiction and nonfiction to be published in years. "It's an incredibly strong list," she says. "The quality is certainly there."

But for booksellers and publishers, the big question is, will the readers be there? The industry is hoping to rebound from disastrous sales in the fall of 1995 and a weak spring this year. Publishers are also reeling from the ongoing decline in government financial support that has led some to trim the number of books they produce or to push back the release date of their promising titles. The cordials have already led to one casualty: Toronto-based literary publisher Coach House Press, which folded in July. And at least three other small Ontario publishers are reportedly struggling, largely because the provincial government has withdrawn its loan guarantees.

That despite the often dismal bottom lines, publishers and bookstores remain remarkably devoted to the business. "Canadian publishing is basically in a precarious situation," says Richard Beckerman, owner of A Different Drummer Books in Burlington, Ont. "But I don't believe people are going to stop writing or publishing because Mike Harris or Jean Chretien decided to put their money somewhere else."

There is one title that will kick start the season, at *Atlas Grove*, Margaret Atwood's ninth novel, which is already selling briskly, topping the Maclean's fiction best-seller list for the second week running. Atwood will, however, be sharing the spotlight with several other established literary stars, most notably Timothy Findley, whose 1995 novel, *The Englishman's Boy*, was a critical best-seller. It is back this fall with a new list, titled *New World Aways*, about a warzone after between an air force pilot and a married woman. And short-story writers Alice Munro and Maureen Goodman are releasing collections of previously published works that span their long careers and reflect their status as international literary stars.

A number of established but less-celebrated writers have new works that provide ample evidence of the diversity and relevance of current Canadian fiction. W. W. Karvasek, whose favorite subjects are baseball and Indiana, goes to bat again with *W/ Walter Hines Moss*, while Susan Swan, who has a knack for outlandish publicity stunts, is releasing a collection of stories called *Stripped Down Good to Riding With*. And in a field that is always cluttered with new and returning talent, two distinguished journalists, John Fraser (Shine Classic) and Charles Rosen (Puckster) (Lovers), are attempting to establish their credentials as fiction writers with novels that draw

After last year's dismal sales, the book industry has high hopes for this year's outstanding crop



upon their personal experiences in *The People's Republic*.

While a few fictional genres may appear in the fall crop, the book trade is still buzzing with excitement over several dazzling first novels that are appearing in the spring. Bookdealers from coast to coast can't wait to have played the new generation of literary stars, the successors to Atwood and Findley, Munro and Galbraith. The two leading candidates for future stardom, the best-sellers say, are Toronto-based writers Ann-Marie MacDonald (*Fall On Your Knees*) and Anne Michaels (*Fugitive Pieces*), whose books are still selling well even as the fall titles are arriving. "It looks to me like there's another generation of powerful female Canadian writers that are really making a splash," says Jason Marks, owner of Micah's Books in Victoria.

For political junkies, publishers have offered enough hits to keep them revved up through the winter, and perhaps into the spring: Michael Ondaatje's edited *Anthony Wilson Smith* and his *Globe and Mail* counterpart Edward Greenough have teamed up in *Wings of Badness*. Steven and Leland Ham to give readers an inside look at the Chrétien Liberals. Financial Post editor and Maclean's columnist Diane Francis takes a run at Quebec



Phonies Findley (bottom): Cavity as Johnny Larue on SCTV (far left); at the new book store, finding into the covers, the personal problems of hockey are picked aside, or forgotten, and optimism reigns.

separates in *The Fight for Canada*. Anthony Munro, an engineer and civil servant who was president of the CBC in 1994-1995, offers an inside account of life at the corporation in *A Dream Betrayed: The Battle for the CBC*. Former New Democrat premier Dave Barrett and Mike Harcourt in British Columbia and Bob Rae in Ontario all have books out about their careers on the public stage. And for Canada's beleaguered social democrats,

academic activist James Lamer has served up *The Search of a New Left: Canadian Politics after the Neoliberal Assault*.

Like old coaches who never tire of the damp-and-chance at once, Canadian publishers now make hockey books a standard part of their fall rosters. This year, they are offering in excess of 25 titles, many of the marketing a game plan from seasons past. Although some booksellers complain that the game is becoming jaded and indifferent about hockey books, two intriguing new

titles suggest that there is plenty of black belt in the genre. New Brunswick novelist David Adams Richards takes his first stab at a conflict writer with *Hockey Dreams: Memoirs of a Man Who Couldn't Play*. And Toronto novelist Paul Quinlan has assembled an eclectic group of writers to produce plays for *Original Six: True Stories from Hockey's Glorious Era*, a book about the now-mythical years from 1942 to 1967 when the National Hockey League consisted of six teams.

There are several offerings for celebrity aficionados, most notably *Madame: The Woman's Photographs*, a collection of pictures taken of Marilyn Monroe during the 1950s by the late Jack Carroll. Toronto writer Martin Kuchman is delivering *Laughing on the Outside: The Life of John Candy*, while comedian Dave Thomas offers *SCTV: Behind the Scenes: A behind-the-scenes on culture in available in Atlantic Canada. A Canadian Pop Culture Library by Geoff Fowers and Geoff Brynne.*


Prominent Canadians from several fields are featured in a rich selection of biographies, autobiographies and memoirs. Former Quebecan editor Darin Anderson with her life story in *Rebel Daughter: An Autobiography*, while Mel Harris recounts his colorful career as a broadcaster, publisher and author in *At Twilight in the Country: Memoirs of a Canadian Publisher*. Linda Freeman has crafted a personal portrait of her famous mother in *Shadows From: A Daughter's Memoir*, and Im B. Nadel examines the private side of one of this country's most celebrated creators in *Horace Pinsky: A Life of Leonard Cohen*.

Journalists with a taste for stories about conflict or celebrity biography, has left a selection of nonfiction books. The CBC's Theresa Tedesco wades into the murky saga surrounding a Canadian hockey strike in *Ghosts*.

The Battle for Control of Maple Leaf Gardens: Rod McPhee examines the demise of a venerable Canadian company in *Life and Death: Who Killed Canadian Life?* Two very diverse empires are explored in *Paul Grossman: The Making of a Canadian* and *Anthony Michaels and Anthony Michaels: Faith and Fortune*. The *Richmond Family Saga*. And there is no made offering of books about economic trends: *The Pig and the Pheasant: How to Prosper from the Aging Baby Boom*, by David Cork and Susan Lightstone. *Surviving Inflation: Who Will Profit When We Hit Low in the Workplace of the 21st Century*, by Ann Finkelman, and publisher Anne Reid's *Shadows: How the New Economy is Changing Our Lives*.

Booksellers in various parts of the country also find that their customers want books by local authors, or about local subjects. Cris Dubeau, owner of eight Dubeau Books Ltd. outlets in the Vancouver area, predicts that science-fiction writer William Gibson (Idaho) and novelists/illustrator Nick Bantock (*The Weather's Way*), two of whom are well known in the area, will be extremely well in Vancouver this fall, simply because they live in the city. Similarly, Anderson says that the anticipated spring demand this fall for David Scott's *Thunder and Grace*, a book about the Halifax Buddhist community and Stephen Kinber's *More than Just Fish*, a collection of 10 short biographies about prominent or unusual New Scotians.

For authors, publishers and booksellers, the next few weeks will be a swirl of press releases, book shows, signings and readings. It is an exciting time when the industry's perennial problems—small markets, high costs and precarious finances—are pushed aside, or forgotten, and optimism reigns. "There are an awful lot of interesting books out there this fall," says Jack Scott, chairman of Secondhand Publishing and president of the Association of Canadian Publishers. "This is a time for a new season in the industry over last year." Whether fictionists, maybe, but first is often the genre that keeps Canada's struggling publishers in the business. □



Five feet
from the juniper,
Howard is digging
in his garden -
amazing considering
five days ago he
found it hard getting
off this bench.

Howard's accident left his car in need of an auto body repair shop and his painful back and neck in need of some specialized care. Howard's friends recommended a Chiropractor but he was hesitant. However, they told him Chiropractors are Doctors with at least seven years of university and post-graduate education. He learned that Chiropractic Doctors use natural hands-on healing techniques rather than surgery, that they don't prescribe drugs and that numerous well-respected studies concluded that Chiropractic treatments were the most effective and safest way to relieve insect back and neck pain. Even with all that information, it wasn't until Howard's pain stopped him from working in the garden that he decided to give a Chiropractor a call. Howard's Chiropractor made an accurate diagnosis and expertly and naturally restored movement to Howard's spine and relieved his pain. Now Howard's off his garden bench and into the soil which makes him happy. To find out how Chiropractic Doctors can help you, or to find Chiropractors in your neighbourhood, please call

1-800-558-5031





George Bain

Is Ottawa's Airbus case nuts, or what?

From the day it was announced, Brian Mulroney's suit for libel against the Canadian government has been freely referred to as historic, a term for which today's offences might be any story likely to linger in the public mind longer than the time between lawsuits.

Truly historic or not, the so-called Airbus story and the ensuing libel claim contain both undeniably worth the least an interest in anyone's history of politics and the law in Canada in the last years of the 20th century.

The first of these is to be found in the identities of plaintiff and defendant—a recent prime minister of the country claiming defamation of character and, on the other side of the fence, not some fluffy second-stringer tabloid or the like, but the successor government.

Reinforcing this include the impressive \$20 million sought in damages, the fact that the wrongdoing alleged against the plaintiff had already been investigated once and dropped for lack of evidence and, not least, that the media, no stranger to libel suits, should be part of the story at every turn without having to return to their usual unhappiness—expensive—only in court cases, as defendants.

A media audience in the play of events was perhaps to be seen in the recently published claim that the government's defense will use a proposition first advanced on CBC TV news immediately the suit was announced. In effect, that the former prime minister himself, or through agents, may have leaked the document containing the material he now says libels him. In other words, he may have leaked himself.

This alone would seem to constitute a world-class oddity sufficient to warrant the case being called historic.

And then there are the various informers and leakers. Allan Rock, shortly after his appointment as justice minister in November, 1985, learned from two journalists, he has said, something about something connected to the Mulroney years. He passed the information on to the RCMP; not to suggest they do anything about it, but because he felt a moral obligation to do so.

Rock has portrayed himself in the same light since—on having been wholly honest only concerning the Airbus affair. He selected no information, did not ask for it around town. In the celebrated matter of the justice department's RCMP letter to Swiss authorities seeking help with the RCMP investigation, he absented himself against pressing any.

The Globe and Mail's self-identified Stefan Delbecq, a member of its Ottawa bureau, as one of the journalists who spoke to Rock. The chat occurred over dinner in an Ottawa restaurant in late 1993—no named whom, unnamed.

The newspaper quoted Delbecq saying: "He raised the subject of allegations he had heard from journalists and asked me if I had heard anything." She also said Airbus was never mentioned but that he "raised"—whatever raising implies—about making the RCMP to look into allegations about an offshore account (unidentified).

She also told two of the only allegations she knew of, she got from Steve Cameron, who was then at work on her book *On the Take: Crises, Corruption and Greed in the Mulroney Years*, 467 pages of journalistic scoured earth.

None of this fits tidily with the minister's picture of himself as having maintained a deliberate and principled neutrality in the affair from the moment he took office. If, however, his meeting to Delbecq court revealed a more politically aware to have the dirt on an opponent, he should have taken the tip and invited Cameron to dinner. Cameron is Canada's unchallenged specialist in allegations against Brian Mulroney. However, she says that if anyone thinks she's Allan Rock's second journalist source—I did—they can think again. She doesn't think she's never met the man, and doesn't think she knows anyone who works for him.

The Mounties, then, as informers or leakers? Never. They do not even comment on current investigations, according to a spokesman. However, a look at just some of the reporting that preceded *The Minister's Fall* is blowing the lid off the letter-to-Swiss scandal episode, tells a different story. On Nov. 13, 1995, *The Canadian Press* reported that the Swiss television network TSR carried a story, on link up by the French news service Agence France-Presse. It said Canadian authorities suspected that part of a \$20-million payoff related to Air Canada's purchase of 34 Airbus A330s "went into numbered Swiss bank accounts for Canadian officials." Some secret letter that was put off.

On Nov. 15, Paul Koring reported in *The Globe and Mail* that requests to another government for assistance in a criminal investigation customarily concerned the Quebec City Prime Minister's world of the RCMP's commercial crime section. "If you can't name him [the alleged offender], you better have darn good evidence to justify the request."

Another story, by Edison Stewart in *The Toronto Star*, also on Nov. 15, coincidentally gave readers reason to wonder just how darn good the justice department's RCMP evidence was. Stewart quoted the same Sgt. Pigeon as the effect that the investigation was still at a very early stage, and that "if all circumstances will only be launched if it appears published after police have been given sufficient evidence." In other words, in seeking help in gathering sufficient evidence to make a case, it is necessary to demonstrate to another party that the evidence is already in hand, after which the full investigation will begin. Is this nuts or what?

Continued

Chivas Regal:

The world's favourite premium Scotch whisky

It is remarkable that with so many malt and blended whiskies to choose from one Scotch whisky made head and shoulders above all other premium whiskies in popularity. Chivas Regal is enjoyed by discerning drinkers around the world.

But what makes it the world's favourite premium Scotch whisky?

There is no easy answer. It's a good starting point is the Chivas family's heritage. The name Chivas can be traced back over 500 years to the area between Aberdeen and Speyside, the heartland of malt whisky distilling. In 1855, young James Chivas left his home of Strathphilly to seek work in Aberdeen, the burgeoning port and industrial centre of North East Scotland. The move was in line with far-reaching consequences.

James began work at a well-respected grocer, wine and spirit merchant, eventually taking over the business and beginning a partnership trading in Stewart & Chivas. In less than two years, James had entered a Royal Warrant which appointed him Purveyor of Groceries to Queen Victoria.

In 1867 James's brother John joined the business and the company prospered, supplying luxury provisions to the gentry at large. At the same time they began to try down large stocks of the very best whiskies, gaining a reputation for their skill and excellence in blending. They introduced their own Scotch blended whisky which found a ready and appreciative market in England due to well-known favour. Other brands followed. A traveller of the time said: "we have never tasted finer, mellowed or more exquisitely flavoured whisky than that which Chivas Brothers happily put before us during our sojourn in Aberdeen." The memory begins will interrupt your mind but even this was said to be surpassed.

In the 1890s the company created what was to become a distinct blend, originally led in the history of whisky making Chivas Regal.

It was with ancient success. Chivas Brothers reputation as pre-eminent blenders reached new heights.

In a speech to his employees made in 1904, Alexander Smith, a partner in the company, said that he wished the name of Chivas Brothers to be associated with the best service, the best quality—in effect to



become the equivalent of a hallmark of excellence. Things don't change, this is the guiding principle of Chivas Brothers today.

In 1950 Chivas Brothers took the significant step of buying its own distillery. This was no ordinary malt distillery. This was Strathphilly, the oldest working distillery in the Highlands which produces the production malt Scotch whisky in Chivas Regal. It was then it was first officially sold as the 1890s as mellow mountain dew.

The physical and spiritual home of Chivas Regal Strathphilly is equally the seat of expertise of all distillers. Its dignified, beamed grandeur, courtyard, waterwheel and water stone buildings are set deep in perfect Scotch whisky making country.

A newly sprung supplier the parent of Scottish Highland water while golden

brandy is grown and harvested from the rich soil of the Scottish glens. Malted barley plus yeast acting naturally together are considered by the skilled hands of the distiller, and may and waterwheel produce the single, mellow spirit of pure gold which is the heart of Chivas Regal.

The reason why Chivas Regal is the world's favourite premium Scotch whisky are as simple as the proverbial Scots' rest. But as evident superior taste clearly appeals to those who demand the best. And being the best derives from Chivas Regal's unique heritage and sense of tradition... qualities of increasing value in today's ever-changing world.

Top: The home and heart of Chivas Regal—Strathphilly distillery founded in 1789.

Above: Chivas Regal. Scotland's Finest of Whiskies.

There are appropriate quality, enjoy it responsibly.



Winter saving the day, the U.S. triumph was as Miraculous as ice

Hockey night in America

Like parents reluctantly sending their kids to college, Canadian hockey fans watched their game grow up last week. The old Canada Cup had become the World Cup, and a once-parochial tournament was suddenly being played in the capitals of Europe and in the sparkling new megastadiums of North America. CBC's television images, so comfortable in the living rooms of Canada, were also sent to more than a dozen other countries, including Russia and Japan. And when it came down to the final best-of-three series, that international audience saw a fiercely fought battle between the traditional favorites, Canada, and the country that appears to be its most serious long-term rival, the United States. The issue was not decided until a dramatic Game 3 last Saturday night in Montreal, where the Americans—backstopped by brilliant goalie Mike Richter—scored four late goals to win 5-2 and capture the Cup. "We came out and played well but Canada just blundered us," said U.S. winger Brett Hull, who talked twice. "They took control the first two periods, and if it wasn't for Mike we weren't in the game at all."

For all Richter's heroics, America's tri-

umph was no Miracle on Ice. Unlike the American Olympic team of 1980, whose anonymous hockey stars scored a stunning victory at Lake Placid, this U.S. squad was a collection of NHL stars. Although they were outplayed through most of the final game, the Americans—led by captain and Russian and Sweden for first rounder—just showed that much the tournament that Canada's unquestioned hockey supremacy had slipped away.

That was hardly comforting to Canadian fans who had already seen NHL franchises in Quebec City and Winnipeg—unable to survive the bottom-line realities of modern professional sports—relocate to warmer and richer American cities. They were repulsed by a U.S. network's use of a blue dot to track the puck on TV. And, perhaps incidentally, they saw in the World Cup that other countries are making serious claims on No. 1. But their opponents' strengths did not surprise the Canadian players. "This is not new to us," said the team's warmer-center Mark Messier, spokesman of the Americans. "These

guys are big and fast, they can score goals and they have great goaltending."

In a sense, the World Cup was just a dress rehearsal for 1998, when for the first time the NHL will interrupt its season and allow its players to compete in the Winter Olympics in Nagano, Japan. "The Olympics are as huge in the States," Canadian captain Wayne Gretzky told *Nation* last week. "I think since two teams can make it to the final game there, it will take hockey to a whole new level." The Canadians are clearly not the favorites in Nagano—and one reason is simply a generational aberration. Although the country still produces more than 60 per cent of the players in the NHL, its current leaders—Gretzky, Messier, Paul Coffey—will all be in their late-30s in 1998. Meanwhile, the best players on the challenging teams—Russia's Pavel Bure, Alexander Mogilyev and Sergei Fedorov, Sweden's Peter Forsberg and Mats Sundin, and the Americans' Mike Modano and Keith Tkachuk—are all still in their 20s. "In 1998, you have to wonder if Gretzky and Messier and those guys can be the key players for Canada," says Harry Neale, the *Hockey Night* in Canada analyst. "One of these

guys, they have got to be too old."

Not everyone is happy with hockey's brown new world. In the United States, some analysts argue that the lure of NHL cash is stripping their leagues of their top players and making it impossible to sell the sport.

But the loudest cries have come from Canada, where fans are dubious about major changes to their game as it rushes into the United States. American sports culture, particularly as it is defined by advertising, celebrates superstars without much regard to team play. Gretzky, however, is not without regard to team play.

True hockey success—the Stanley Cup and international championships—can only be achieved through teamwork. "In the dressing room," he says, "there is a lot of pressure to check your ego at the door." Fans of American sports, however, are much more likely to support that hockey is still Canada's game. The style of play employed by both teams is essentially the same one that teenagers learn in major-league across Canada and refine in

Canada's longtime supremacy slips away



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SPORTS

the NHL. Echoing the Russians' strident offensive intentions and the Swedes' neutral-zone defense, both finalists played up-and-down, physical—at times vicious—hockey, charging the net for rebounds and deflections. "The Russians and Finns, they are technically very good," said U.S. coach Ron Wilson. "But in North America, we are brought up with the drive and desire to win."

The results were spectacular: Game 1 in Philadelphia, in which Team USA scored

with only seven seconds left in regulation to force overtime, was played at a breakneck pace throughout and ended only when Steve Yzerman's sharp-angled shot fooled the otherwise stellar Richter. In Game 2, Canada suffered a curious second-period melé and fell behind 5-1 before launching a swirling, almost attack in the third period that was thwarted only by Richter and the goalposts. The result was in doubt until the final seconds when, with two empty-net

goals, the Americans prevailed 5-2.

The final game was heartstopping. The Canadians attacked consistently only to be thwarted—partly by their own mishandling of the puck but more by Richter, who was named the tournament's most valuable player. They overcame the early U.S. lead when Adam Foote scored late in the third period, but the team fell into a funk afterwards, still, leaving the momentum to the Americans. Goals by Rod, Terry Awrey and Darrin Rucker stamped the Canadians and left the packed Madison Square crowd shellshocked and, for the first time all night, silent.

Whatever the international pecking order, hockey is still No. 1 for Canadian fans. Prior to Game 3, people without tickets jammed bars and restaurants near the Molson Centre—locally called the King. And during the game, the crowd of 21,275 waved flags and signs, cheered CANADA and roared approvingly when the eight selected score-board shots (most for skinned highlights from past Team Canada victories). On occasion, the scoreboard in Philadelphia during Game 1 of the final played advertisements. Despite Quebec's unrelenting anti-debate, the Montreal crowd loudly sang *O Canada* even while waiting in line for beer in the concourse.

The reaction across the country was equally strong. CBC officials estimate that up to four million Canadians viewers tuned in to the final game, more than for Donnovan Bailey's 100th victory in Atlanta. Then the semifinal game between Canada and Sweden on Sept. 7 drew a peak of 3.8 million viewers during the second overtime, which was played after midnight in eastern and central regions. In Europe, the tournament got big play in major newspapers, even in soccer-dominated Germany after their team upset the heavily favored Canada. "We saw people cheering the entire night, it was like the second round," said German coach George Kingston, a Calgary resident. "I think people realized that was a pretty significant moment for German hockey."

In the United States, Cap games were available only on cable to an estimated 50 million homes, but NHL executives were encouraged by the news coverage—there were more than 500 international spectators. "In the 1990 Canada Cup, the same two teams were in the final and co-ate in the United States knew it," says Steve Solomon, the NHL's chief marketing officer. "That is definitely not the case now."

None of that mattered to Team Canada's players, who sat slumped in a jaded dressing room after the decisive game. But with ten on the wall above the Canadian lockers were the famous words that for so many years have propelled Montreal Canadiens to victory: "Play with nothing behind you, throw the torch, be yours to hold it high." Canadians will see how high in 1998.

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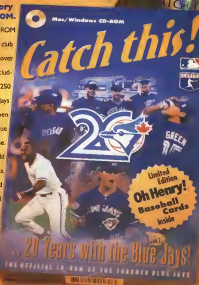
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Noel Gallagher back in Britain

Not exactly an Oasis of calm

In a country that has searched 25 years for a rock band to match the Beatles, the Manchester group Oasis seemed an answer to Britain's prayers. Their second album, *(What's the Story Morning Glory?)*, sold 150,000 live copies worldwide. There was even a Lennon-McCartney deal to their music. But last week, the analogy went one step too far: a breakup, or so it seemed, as Noel Gallagher, 26, flew home to Britain midway through his band's American tour. "There are real differences," said their record company. A tidbit to be precise: Noel reportedly banned pear richer sales on the local behavior of his brother, Liam, 23, whose most recent transgressions included spilling beer and sweating on the MTV music awards this month. Five weeks for a reconciliation might be a rather Noel's one-time with that. Liam grow up. Said Noel: "The law of averages says he can't be a looker for the rest of his life."

Planet power

Talk about power: Environmentalist activist and lawyer Robert Kennedy Jr. used his latest work to help shed light on the Toronto International Film Festival's premier of *Power*, a documentary chronicling the Core's successful six-year battle to halt Hydro Quebec's Great Whale project. Kennedy took up the cause on Earth Day 1989, when Core and Inuit leaders arrived in New York City after paddling an adze—a combination canoe and kayak—from Montreal to dramatize the potential havoc the massive hydroelectric project would wreak on their lands in northern Quebec. Kennedy then worked closely with Core Grand Chief Matthew Coon Come, among others, to bring about the cancellation of Hydro Quebec's \$17-billion contract with New York



Kennedy (left), Coon Come with adze—potential for havoc

state. Last week, the two friends got together again at a news conference and parade for *Power*, which opened last week. Kennedy was also the guest of honor at a \$100-a-plate fund-raiser for the film's de-bidden director Magnus Isacson and producer Glen Solman, at the home of civil rights lawyer Clayton Ruby. The film, Kennedy adds, is now a powerful tool in the environmentalist fight against "treating the planet as a business in liquidation, converting all of our natural resources into cash."



Twain smolderer of the year

Still the one to watch

Canadian country singer Shania Twain sure has gotten a lot of mileage out of one little CD. Last year, her second album, *The Woman in Me*, propelled the Tannam, Ont., native who now makes her home in upper New York state, to five awards, including album of the year, at the Canadian Country Music Awards. At this year's ceremony, held last week in Calgary, Twain, 31, picked up three of the chunky statuettes, including one for entertainer of the year—still on the strength of the eight million-selling *The Woman in Me*. Twain, however, had to share some of the awards for which she was nominated with this year's rising star Toni Clark, 37, born in Medicine Hat, Alta., and now living in Nashville, Tenn., best out Twain for single and album of the year for her self-titled debut CD. The twang goes on.



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Behind the Bouvier mystique

For New York City author John B. Davis, the decision to write yet another book about his famous first cousin Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy was an easy one. With her death in 1984, Davis, 67, whose mother was a Bouvier, says he knew there would be lots of "trash" written about Jackie. "But I was in a position to tell the truth about the first 22 years of her life," he says. The result is *Jacqueline Bouvier: An Intimate Memoir*, in which he draws on his own memories and family archives to write about her growing up

years, ending with her 1953 marriage to John F. Kennedy. The person the young Jackie dated on most, says Davis, was her father, John Bouvier, who was often mistaken for Clark Gable. Davis recalls how at family gatherings at the Bouviers' East Hampton estate, Black Jack would slap such beach praise on his daughter that her cousins would retch with jealous envy. "We would put bets in her hair even explode fireworks in her hair," says Davis. Then, shaking her head at the long ago memory, he adds: "She took it all pretty well." And in marrying Kennedy, Davis says, "Jackie entered a sexual adventure very much like her father's."

There were celebrities—and serious movies—aplenty at Toronto's cinema festival

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

C ber shopped for tall politics and promoted her movie on abortion. Demi Moore, sporting a buzz cut, denounced American puritanism. *All Pictos* were a backwoods baseball cap while ripping about Shakespeare. And Jean-Luc Godard played brains—when he wasn't playing God. For 16 days from Sept. 5 to 20, they descended on the 22nd annual Toronto International Film Festival—the city's biennial. The event, North America's busiest film festival, seemed more congested than ever this year. And the cinematic scene was unusually hot. After a summer blight of films, spies and seniors, serious movies were suddenly back. Serving as a clearinghouse for the fall season, the festival program offered a strongly curated selection of 300 films, ranging from Michael Collins, Neil LaBute's gonzo rape about Ireland's war of independence, to *Unbreak the Stars*, an intimate family drama featuring an Oscar-worthy performance by Gene Rowlands.

The festival has often been torn between spotlighting Hollywood stars and discovering new directors. But this year they were often one and the same. It was the festival of the actor-turned-director: Pacino arrested Looking For Richard, his funny, instructive and admirably sincere attempt to crack open Shakespeare's



bedlam's independence in the early 18th century. It was a historical epic on a grand scale. After Schwarzenegger's *Last Action Hero*, Moore, cinema has freedom-fighting usage with a performance of leonardian intensity. The movie, which was the grand prize at the Venice Film Festival, has already started up controversy in Britain. But its writer-director, Jordan Peele (The Crying Game), has missed that making a hero of Collins does not translate into sympathy for the present-day IRA. And, if anything, the story's politics take a back seat to Hollywood spectacle. From the baroque score to the Godfather-like pageantry of the violence, everything about Michael Collins screams Oscar.

Meanwhile, the world's conflicts bubbled up through a variety of films from around the world. Russian director Sergei Bodrov's *Prisoner of the Mountains* tells a compelling tale of two Russian soldiers held captive in the mountains of Chechnya. And *Le Passager* dramatizes the plight of Afghan immigrants in France with a riveting drama about a stranger who abandons his shambling father to help the wife of an African killed on the job.

The festival was well stocked with stories of disenfranchised children. They ranged from Hollywood's *Boys and Girls* (a young boy's story) to *Boys and Girls* (a young boy's story) to *Boys and Girls* (a young boy's story).

Gene of My Heart is a genuinely terrible disaster. It tells the story of a forgotten writer named Deane (Brian Douglas), who was a time for established stars in the 1950s and 1960s while struggling to launch his own career. The character is fictional, but the parallels to such writers as Jack Mitchell and Gene Kelly are obvious. The first half of the movie takes place in Manhattan's legendary Brill Building, a swarming factory of the era. John Turturro plays great comic Eric Star's Deane's glibly manner. Eric Star is well cast as an egomaniac first husband. And Mike Dillon has a ball with the role of her second husband, a Beach-Boys-type musician who loses his mind in *Madness*. By trying to squish around the entire history of pop music into his narrative, the movie is a little too obscure towards the end. But Douglas, who channels the canners with

her larger-than-life eyes and mouth—delivers a star-making performance. And the musicals he created for the movie—original songs by an eclectic team of writers which includes Mitchell, Elton Costello and Bert Bacharach—are more than convincing. They sound good enough to be real hits.

Meanwhile, *Buffalo* is the latest. David Mamet stars in the series. Tasty directed by Michael Carraro, it stars David Hoffman and NYPD Blue's Dennis Franz as two hunters forced up as each other's petri dish.

Donny (Franz), who runs a junk shop, discovers that he has sold a buffalo head skin of a customer for a fraction of what it is probably worth. With his poker buddy "Grady" (Hoffman), he goes to find it. A third character, a teenage girl named Buffy (Jane Nolin), drifts in and out of the action. But the drama is basically a two-hander. Hoffman, grizzled and fast-talking, seems to be offering a reprise of *Elvis* from in *Midnight Cowboy*. His acting, an tightly wound and so-called in his neck, his terms, makes Mamet's *Donny* (Franz), who runs a junk shop, discovers that he has sold a buffalo head skin of a customer for a fraction of what it is probably worth.

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Starry, starry nights

Richard Attenborough. On closing night, Tom Hanks showed up for the premiere of his spirited directorial debut, *That Thing You Do!*, an exuberant nostalgia trip to 1960s America, in which he plays the music manager of a '60s rock band. Matthew Broderick worked both sides of the camera in *Amityville*, about a young couple's haunted house. Richard Feynman and his intractable first wife (Annette Bening) in *Boys and Girls*, delivered a better movie of his own, *Alone*. Alligator Reserve dog Steve Buscemi stepped out of character to write and direct *Tom Hanks*, a poignant slice of home-town realism. And in *Looking Close*, actor Kevin Bacon directed Helen Mirren as a woman on the verge of becoming a famous actress.

Depicting from the Hollywood scene, women's stories had a strong presence at the festival. *Amityville* (Hanks) made for directing debut with *Alone* of Corvino, a harrowing tale of a daughter who is viciously abused by her father. Cher, salvaging her dignity after those hair-product scandals, co-directed the pro-choice abortion drama *If These Walls Could Talk*. Demi Moore, salvaging some dignity after her

abuse-empowered antics in *Striptease*, stars as a nurse who endures a grueling illegal abortion in the 1950s.

The mother of festivals was also a festival of mothers. In *Unbreak the Stars*, Gene Rowlands portrays the lonely mother of two grown-up children who ends up burying a neighbor's neglected child. Rowlands delivers the growing performance of a brilliant career. As the neighbor, Marisa Tomei is surprisingly good. And, with a deft mixture of whimsy and realism, they are superbly directed by Rowlands' son Nick Cassavetes—who appears to have inherited some talent from his father, the late John Cassavetes.

Mirren, meanwhile, brings a potent mix of anger and compassion to the role of an anguished parent in *That Thing You Do!*, about a Belfast woman who watches her son's band rise to fame in the 1960s. The movie—scripted by Irish film maker Jim Sheridan—is as strong as any previous political-political film, in the vein of *The Father* (1993), but it tells a gripping story.

African Collins explores Irish nationalism as a complex brotherhood. Starring Liam Neeson as Collins, the married guerrilla leader who led the war for



marrying a Russian bride. In *The Queen*, a strangely disconnected epic by Volker Schlöndorff, John Malkovich plays a Nazi staff who recruits children for the Hitler Youth—Foster Green's meets Schwarzenegger's Last Action Hero. One of the festival's best films, tells the amazing but true story of Australian giant David Holigott, who was driven insane after growing up as a child prodigy under the pole of a tyrannical father.

Memo stands as a strong note—from Sher's parent and Kelly's critics to the rock of the rock of *That Thing You Do!* and *Gene of My Heart*, and the movie about manufacturing pop hits. But anyone expecting to find *Amityville* in *Gene of My Heart* would

be in real out of the action. But the drama is basically a two-hander. Hoffman, grizzled and fast-talking, seems to be offering a reprise of *Elvis* from in *Midnight Cowboy*. His acting, an tightly wound and so-called in his neck, his terms, makes Mamet's *Donny* (Franz), who runs a junk shop, discovers that he has sold a buffalo head skin of a customer for a fraction of what it is probably worth.

Afterlife of the heart

A drama shows how the dead sustain the living

THE THREE LIVES OF LUCIE CARROL

Based on a story by John Berger
Adapted by Simon McBurney and
Mark Wootley
Directed by Simon McBurney

Making a play out of a novel or short story is usually a treacherous business. A case in point is Theatre de Complicité's latest new production of *The Three Lives of Lucie Carrol*, currently being performed by the British company in Toronto (until Sept. 21). The award-winning drama, has already enjoyed lengthy runs in England and has toured to 17 cities around the world. Based on a 1879 short story by English writer John Galsworthy, from his collection *Pig Earth*, the play celebrates seven decades in the life of a community of French alpine peasants. The heroine is Lucie Carrol (Julie Baur), a



Baur (left), McBurney: elusive mystery

dwarf whose lightning spirit is in inverse proportion to her size. Expelled from the family farm by her greedy brothers, she throws in an isolated mountain hut. And even after her death, Lucie has a way of persisting, haunting Joan (Simon McBurney), whom she is determined to marry.

Berger's original story is a masterpiece. It movingly evokes the trials and rough digiti-

ty of peasant life, and rises to an almost regal appreciation of the role the dead play in sustaining the living. All these elements are present in the play—but for the most part diminished in power. The main problem is that director McBurney and his cast have not completely transformed Berger's narrative into drama. With the characters passing frequently to explain what is happening, on stage, the event feels more like illustrated storytelling than a play that fully embodies its own reality. As well, the stage is cluttered with props and elements of the set that the production often has a messy feel—to be cry from the severe beauty of Berger's tale.

And yet the play has its charms. Baur is magnificent as the battling Lucie. The diminutive actor speaks and moves with an economy quickness there is something of the leprechaun about her, a mysterious, otherworldly connection to the forests and mountains. When Lucie threatens to Joan, herding her for his slowness in understanding her, it is like hearing a squirrel chase the whole too slow pace for its astonishing obtuseness.

The other actors are generally strong, and truly excel when portraying the nonhuman members of the mountain community. When they howl and whisper to invisible insects of the high pastures, they touch the elusive mystery of the original story.

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BUTTERFLY LOVERS

By Charles Forness
(Morgan Collins, 308 pages, \$27)

David LeClair, the 34-year-old narrator of Charles Forness's new novel, *Butterfly Lovers*, has studied in the personae of the most important of human existence. He is a philosopher who refuses to take his medication, a doctor who loves his young daughter in Montreal while he takes up a teaching post in Beijing, and a habitual rebel whose defiance of authority runs side by side with a dogged loyalty to his friends. He is also perpetually confused about who he is and what he is doing—while remaining a drolly accurate observer of his own and others' follies. In other words, LeClair is an complex and difficult as many a real human being, and his meditations, somewhat cranky, prescient, and even prophetic, are an enjoyable journey through the maelstrom of his life.

Forness, who lives in Peterborough, Ont., has already earned out a modest reputation as a fiction writer—his first novel, *Kitchen Music* (1990), was widely praised—but he is better known for his novel *The Last House of China*, the 1995 book. *The Last House of China* was a celebrated success for a Governor General's Award, while an earlier recounting of his experiences as a language teacher in China, *Sketches in Winter* (1993), took a sensitive look at the people of Beijing during the time of the Tiananmen Square demonstrations. *Butterfly Lovers* takes up where that earlier book left off—with the aftermath of the 1989 Tiananmen massacre, when government troops killed hundreds—perhaps thousands—of pro-democracy protesters. While still living in Montreal, LeClair—who has recently been divorced by the cooly ambi-

tious Candice—catches a distant reflection of the tragedy through the guarded behavior of his Chinese-language tutor, a recent immigrant to Canada called Zuo Chang. But when he arrives in the dusty Chinese capital, he experiences for himself the state of paranoia still dominant there. Forness briefly conveys the terror of post-Tiananmen China. LeClair's department head, Feng Ziyang, is in an almost comical state of denial about his participation in the protests—now officially referred to as "The Tiananmen." Another professor, Wang Hua, whom LeClair befriends in his apartment, seems determined to drug himself into oblivion on beer and American TV.

LeClair enjoys a brief, desperate affair with Zuo Chang's wife, Zhao Hong, a beautiful young teacher who takes a rebellious streak after her own. Another novelist—Chinese Gaocong—comes to mind—right here made their story of love and betrayal the whole subject of the novel—the prison through which all its themes are refracted. But Forness grants his lovers too long passages—an indication of the catchall nature of the book, which is still a thriller that deals with so many topics and narrative threads that the desperate love of imaginative unity eludes it.

Yet *Butterfly Lovers* contains many convincing scenes: LeClair's optimistic pursuit of Wang Hua to the suburban jail where his arrested friend is taken is particularly real. And Forness's stark evocations of Montreal and Beijing make the two cities seem hauntingly similar—a fitting symbol of LeClair's quest. The unhappy language teacher has travelled to China to find a new life. But in the end, his search for freedom, he has to make do with resignation to the old one.

JOHN DEMME



Forness' brilliant evocation of terror

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sifts through the
ruins of
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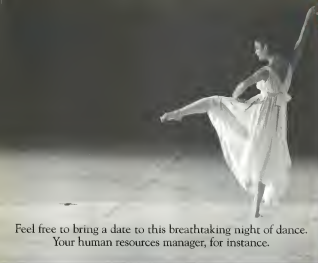
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Theatre

Drebin for the defence

Leslie Nielsen takes on Clarence Darrow

When Leslie Nielsen bought the rights to *Clarence Darrow: A One-Man Play* last spring, his Toronto producer, Bernie Fiedler, swung into action. He called long-time friend Julie Orlov, manager of the far-spread Theatre in Saint John, N.S., who then invited Nielsen to rehearse at his newly restored theatre—and to use it this month to launch a tour of the show (it travels to Toronto on Oct. 7, to Ottawa on Oct. 25 and then to Edmonton on Nov. 18). Gritty, blue-collar Saint John may not be a theatrical mecca, but it is easy to imagine Darrow having chosen the setting.

Best known as the high-profile criminal lawyer who defended Tennessee teacher John Scopes in the famous Scopes Monkey Trial, Darrow (1857-1930) really had two separate careers, and both are explored in the play. As a prominent labor lawyer before the turn of the century, he cham-

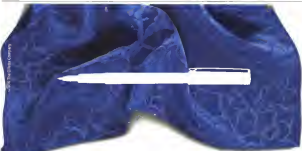
ioned the working class, at one point skewering the Pullman railroad car company for its strike-breaking tactics. If Darrow could have witnessed Nielsen's opening-night performance last week, he might have felt a twinge of his old anticapitalist fury in a community that recently saw the end of a two-year firing oil refinery strike, complete with replacement workers and deaths. And with Saint John's proximity to Nova Scotia and the Westray mine disaster, Darrow might also have relived his struggle against conditions in turn-of-the-century Pennsylvania coal mines.

Born-born Nielsen, best known for playing—for an estimated \$5 million per movie—Kluge detective Frank Drebin in the *Melvin Van* movies, at first seemed an unlikely actor for the role of Darrow. In fact, Nielsen has been fascinated with the lawyer



Nielsen, a long uninvolved in the crusading lawyer

since reading Irving Stone's 1941 biography, *Darrow for the Defense*, 45 years ago. The book was the basis for David Kosel's 1973 stage adaptation, which Nielsen performed in a 13-week U.S. tour in 1979. "It's



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THEATRE

not pulled to the stage," says a trim Nielsen once a bowl of chorizo, sharing his views from six hours of rehearsals earlier in the day. "The pulled to this part I found the life of the man just spellbinding. He was a brilliant, extraordinarily moving, orator. He had the ability to make you feel."

But it is the inspiring presence of the actual Sir Darrow inspired a century ago that makes the play a powerful piece of stagecraft. And Nielsen seems to possess some of the famous lawyer's ecstasies: "You have the same things happening now," he says. "Lies are being written and written and immediately you have educational corporations getting in and making money, time, they are casually deceiving people who work for them, with no attempt to use a little conscience."

It is hard to imagine the other famous Nielsen in Canada—the actor's older brother Erik, a former influential member of Brian Mulroney's Conservative government with a reputation as a right winger among Tories, and now promoting the use of solar powered cars—expressing such views. Which perhaps explains Nielsen's comments about his sibling in *The Mole's Trap*. His 1981 spoof of celebrity scandals. "Our other brother turned out to be a politician, and eventually became Canada's Deputy Prime Minister. We don't talk about him."

Leslie Nielsen is the latest in a long line of prominent actors who have grappled with Darrow. Spenser Tracey played the lawyer in a 1980 movie, while Henry Fonda and George C. Scott both tackled the stage play. But Nielsen's personal stake is larger than that around because he has bought exclusive rights to the play. Owning it did not protect him from some shakiness during the second half of the drama on opening night.

Like Darrow, Nielsen has enjoyed twin careers, but is acting. A Mosaic's son who spent much of his youth in the Yukon settlement of Fort Norman, 280 km south of the Arctic Circle, he had an excellent run between 1950 and 1980 as a character actor, appearing in everything from the sci-fi movie *Forbidden Planet* to television's *Police Force*. Then in 1980, the creation of *Amos & Noah*, a spoof on disaster movies, thrust Nielsen's may off-camera humor into full view, and changed his life.

One of the things that Nielsen admires about Darrow is the fact that, despite the gravity of his work, he "never took himself too seriously." A sought after public speaker, Darrow owed much of his public cachet to a dash of humor. And so it is that two rare who, on the surface, seem the unlikely kind of stage: lions are not so different after all.

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Ah, just what we need—advice from the U.S. Congress

Canada, we know, does not have enough problems. Lucien Bouchard wants his own country. The Atlantic provinces have lost their soul and the Pacific fishermen their salmon. Farmers want to junk the Canadian Wheat Board. The Canadian Football League is bleeding badly. And everyone hates Ottawa.

Now, just to help things along, a Washington subcommittee is going to conduct hearings on Canada. This is all we need, an autopsy on the country done by surgeons who couldn't find the place on a map using boxing gloves.

One can just see it all now. A portly Senator Phippsbourd with a cane, peering over his interlocking fingers, poking it tentatively with his 10-inch cigar and giving direction to a blond stenographer who can't type. I can just imagine what Roy Peterson will do with that. Every cartoonist in the nation will be sending grateful Christmas cards to Congress.

On Sept. 25, it has been announced, the hearings in Washington will be conducted by the congressional subcommittee on the Western Hemisphere, a branch of the committee on international relations. We'll be right up there with Ecuador and Guatemala. No Canadians, if it has been emphasized, will be called as witnesses.

This really right and proper. Over the Americas divide there is a problem—and a real problem, as a problem—these actually involved would only muddy the situation. Why all member the most famous congressional subcommittee of all time—Senator Joe McCarthy's probe on "an American activity"—to realize the seriousness of that new examination of the Canada road.

California's Tom Campbell, a Republican in the House of Representatives, seems to be the major push behind this most wild investigation. He is convinced that the Quebec secessionists were to succeed. It might free the legal viability of NAFTA.

We might suggest that any American gambles attempting to understand Canada should start at the basics, since it's a tough job. Why do Canadians think the word "buddy" is pronounced "looly" when all Americans know it's "looly"? How did Canadians ever figure out that the word "bushmaster" should come out as "bushmaster"? When we're supposed to be bilingual? Let's get on to the serious things.



If the subcommittee really wants to get down to the nitty-gritty, it will investigate why no American borderer has ever heard of a Bloody Caesar, since he has never heard of Canada since either. Let's start at Ground Zero. Why do Americans call it "paleists" and Canadians order "paleists"? Those are the things that separate us.

Politicians on both sides of the 40th parallel grudge on about the world's longest undefended border, but that's not the issue. Why do Americans, the most lawless people abroad who beat us on little countries, disagree so much of fighting in boots? It doesn't make sense. Fighting in boots is suicide. So what do we call smacking down Panama or Grenada?

Every American knows that universal healthcare is the first slippery slope to socialism, which of course leads to communism—even though it is supposedly dead. How do you explain to Representative Campbell or any other American congressman that Her Majesty's duly elected Layla Opposition in Ottawa is dedicated to destroy the country? Even Canadians can't figure that one out. For that matter, how do you explain to Senator Campbell that the head of state of Canada lives in a castle across a large ocean and isn't even close to our country, let alone reigns over an empire composed of part of 30-million Canadians who don't have the guts to strike out on their own in another century war? Get it?

If were the subcommittee, I'd resist to studying a real problem of the Western Hemisphere. To not, what does the United States do with the increasing size of the desperate inner city populations—with the gay between Americans, rich and poor over-education—don't

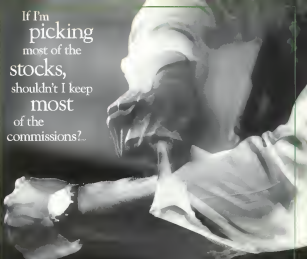
seriously will result in some sort of revolution one day?

Instead of the billions of trillion billions off of losing billions into a little attempt to stop drugs from coming in from abroad, why does Washington not seriously look at the massive why the U.S. is the largest consumer? What is the real reason why so many of these desperate and unhappy people seek a solution in mind-boggling substances?

Now, that would be a subcommittee of worth, rather than trying to figure out why the Fuddy duddy run lawmakers and how the New Democratic Party can be "new" after all these years. Why did Washington ban that dangerous substance Policy Mowat and investigate Pierre Trudeau because he once tried to peeble to Cuba? Let's get on to serious stuff.

How does a subcommittee composed of types from Arkansas, New Mexico and Louisiana be expected to explore a country where Socialism is socialist, neighboring Alberta has Barry Goldwater as its patron saint, British Columbia thanks its on a different planet, half the population in the Maritime thanks that puppy is a birthright and there are more lawyers with 40s in one Bay Street tower than in all of the United Kingdom? He warned, congressmen. This is not Ecuador. If you open this can of worms, you may be very sorry. And be in the tank.

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